

NOV.
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

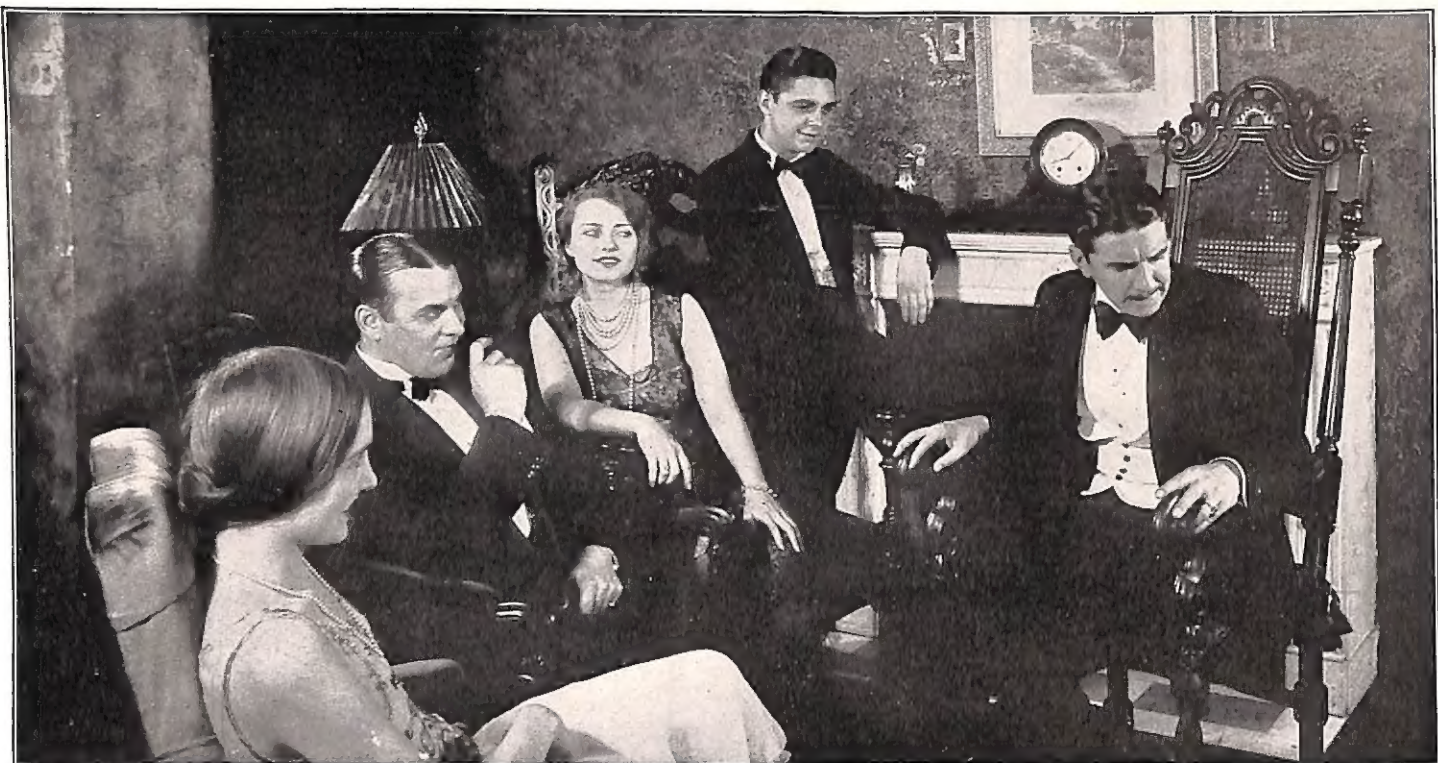
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CENTS



K AIBAB *A TALE of FREEDOM*
by ARTHUR CHAPMAN

MIXERS OLD & NEW by JAMES H COLLINS

— ALSO NALBRO BARTLEY —
ZACK CARTWRIGHT AND OTHERS



“Faux Pas” I Said... and Everyone Tittered!

IF ONLY I hadn't tried to use that terrible phrase. But I had seen it in print a thousand times and so I thought I knew how to pronounce it—it never occurred to me that my way might not be the right way.

It was the very first time I had been invited to the home of Mr. Blake—the President of our Company. Of course I wanted to make the best possible impression. After dinner we were all chatting idly, and somehow the talk got around to golf—my favorite subject. I began to explain some of my pet theories and they went over big—everyone was listening attentively. Encouraged, I launched into an animated description of the last tournament at the club. And then—it happened. “Tyler made a terrible faux pas,” I said—and everyone tittered! Embarrassed, ashamed, I flushed and faltered. My self-confidence fled—and for the rest of the evening I didn't dare open my mouth. I'd have given a thousand dollars if only I hadn't made that awful break!

That little experience opened my eyes to my miserable pronunciation and my meager vocabulary. Could that be the reason why I never seemed to get ahead—why I never got the big jobs with the real money? I had always thought it was luck that gave other men chances I never had, but now I realized that they had a surety and a confidence in their speech that I lacked. I was always groping for words—always stammering and stuttering—trying to avoid words I wasn't sure of—and making scores of mistakes daily. Of course no one ever tells you when you mispronounce a word—it is such a personal matter—and I never would have known of my glaring error that evening if it hadn't been for that embarrassing incident when everyone tittered.

One day, glancing through a magazine, I read about an amazing new method of learning Cultured Speech, Correct Pronunciation and Vocabulary Building that had just been perfected. Through this new “learn by listening” method, I discovered I could actually hear a college professor—an expert in phonetics—pronounce each word clearly and distinctly! And I could hear the same word a hundred times if need be, so as to get it fixed in my mind the right way.

Of course I lost no time in sending for this new

method. I was amazed to find how easily I learned new words—learned how to use them and pronounce them—just by sitting back and listening—words I would never have dared use before. The first evening I learned to pronounce correctly exactly 39 words that I had been mispronouncing almost every day, and in less than one week I had enriched my vocabulary beyond my expectations. Today I find that I am using hundreds of words that I never would have dreamed of using a month ago. Not only that, but my new sureness with words, the new ease with which I express myself, has had a marked influence on my business success. Already I have asked for and secured a better job with a much higher salary. And what is almost equally important—I know that I am saved forever from the embarrassment of making such an unforgivable error as I made that night at the Blake's!

At Last a New and Easy Way

At last a new and easy way has been found to really teach Correct Pronunciation, Cultured Speech and Vocabulary Building. Not by the unsuccessful and almost impossible old dictionary method, but by a plan absolutely new—phonograph records—talking machine records electrically recorded in the most modern and scientific manner. You hear the actual voice of an expert in phonetics. Every word plainly and correctly pronounced.

This fascinating new method has been developed by a group of educators, writers and speakers under the direction of Prof. Edward H. Gardner, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin; and E. Ray Skinner, Phonician of the Department of Speech at the same university. The instruction is absolutely authoritative. Over 2200 stubborn words are covered—words which should be familiar to every cultured person. Not a correspondence course—no studying—no lessons to send in. Instead, all you need to do is sit back comfortably in your easy chair—and listen.

Everyone finds it delightful and easy to learn through this wonderful new method. And it is so interesting, so captivating, that the entire family will want to listen—and when your friends drop in during an evening, you will have a means of entertainment as fascinating as bridge or a crossword puzzle. “So that is the way to pronounce that word!” you say as you hear it spoken clearly and distinctly. You have seen it spelled; you have used it perhaps, but seldom, and hesitatingly. Now you can be sure! Hundreds of men and women have proved that by spending only a few minutes a day this new way, results are astonishing.

Your speech, perhaps more than any other thing,

reveals what you are. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Cultivated speech is a social and business asset of the first importance. No matter how poor your “ear for words,” nor how incorrect your pronunciation, you can now master cultured speech and accurate pronunciation—easily and quickly! You can swiftly learn the right way to pronounce hundreds of hard words—as well as scores of popular foreign phrases—French, Spanish, German—which must now be a part of the educated American's vocabulary.

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Right now we are making a remarkable introductory offer. This offer enables you to try the Pronunciphone Method right in your own home—to see for yourself how quickly it will add hundreds of new words to your vocabulary—how it will disclose to you scores and scores of words you now mispronounce every day—without knowing it.

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the swiftest of smooth running cars—and you have the ingredients for an intriguing story that could be written only by Octavus Roy Cohen. Read "The Supreme Six" in the December Issue.

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(Darrell had begun to like the pose of a successful business man—it was so much safer than card sharpening!)

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Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America
Edgar Sisson, Editor

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Movie Stars, Barbecues
and Excursions Feature
1929 Program

LOS ANGELES, most attractive as a convention city, promises to outdo all its previous efforts in welcoming there the fifty-fifth annual convention of the Shrine next June. Romance, beauty and hospitality are words inseparably connected with Los Angeles, as is well known by Shriners who attended there the conventions of 1912 and 1925. But since 1925 Los Angeles has grown in population, wealth and beauty, and the romance of the southern metropolis of the Pacific is by many considered to be greater than ever. The city, too, will be at its keenest pitch to extend again, and in fullest measure, its famed warmth of greeting to the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

According to officials of Al Malaikah Temple, there have been inquiries as to plans for the convention from temples all over the country. Never before, it is declared, has so great and general interest been displayed by Shriners in a national gathering.

As tentatively arranged by Director General LeRoy M. Edwards, the program will be the most elaborate ever prepared for a Shrine assemblage. While several months will intervene, before the 1929 conclave, those in charge have already decided upon most of the high-lights of the entertainment.

"I just want to say this at this time," says Noble Edwards, "that every Noble that comes this way next June is going to have the time of his life. We have had great conventions in Los Angeles before, but this one is going to top them all. Members of the various committees of arrangements have been at work for the last two months, and it now is a matter of only a few days before we shall have some real, important announcements to make."

Motion picturedom, which makes its principal habitat in Los Angeles, will vie with every other element of the community in showing the visiting Shriners the best and the most novel there is to see. The great picture spectacle and electrical pageant put on at the Coliseum in Los Angeles at the Shrine convention of 1925 will be as nothing, it is promised,



(Noble LeRoy M. Edwards of Al Malaikah, Director General, Imperial Council Sessions for 1929.

(Noble Monte Blue, who will participate in the Motion Picture Spectacle at the Shrine Convention next year.



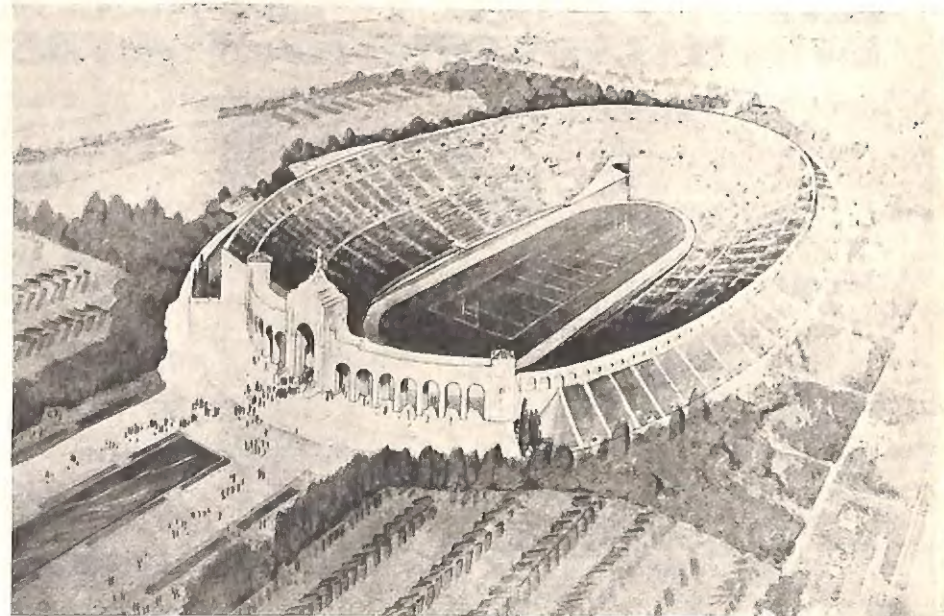
(Noble Harold Lloyd will help entertain at Shrine Convention.

compared with what will be displayed there in June, 1928. Participants will include such well known stars of the films as Nobles Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Will Rogers, Richard Dix and Monte Blue. Other prominent stars, including women, will take part.

There will be a rodeo, reviving all the colorful history of the old West. Added to these, of course, will be all the usual parades and spectacles.

One of the many features will be an Hawaiian dinner in what is said to be the largest ballroom in the world—the ballroom of the new addition to the Biltmore Hotel. This dinner will be for the Imperial Divan, Representatives and their wives.

Mention of the enlarged Biltmore makes timely a reference to another statement by LeRoy Edwards in his preliminary prospectus, namely, that the Los Angeles hotel accommodations now are among the best of any city in the country. No difficulty, he gives assurance, will be found in obtaining hotel and apartment house room with [Continued on page 64]



(The great Coliseum in Los Angeles, California, where the events of the Imperial Council Sessions for 1929 will be staged, when Al Malaikah will be host to Shrinedom.



NOVEMBER, 1928

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A well known cartoonist's conception of my idea

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Oh Ho for Aloha! cries Al Malaikah

*(A Visit to Hawaii is planned as a
Fitting Climax to the Los Angeles
Imperial Council Session in 1929)*



*(The new de luxe Matson liner Malolo on which the Shrine
Pilgrimage from Los Angeles to Hawaii will be made.)*

NO IMPERIAL Potentate has hopped off on a pilgrimage so soon after donning the purple as will Noble Youngworth, Imperial Deputy Potentate, if he is elected Imperial Potentate, as anticipated, at the fifty-fifth annual session of the Imperial Council, to be held in Los Angeles next year on June 4-5-6. If all goes well, on the 8th he will leave Los Angeles, heading a host of Nobles and their families, bound for the Hawaiian Islands. Already the plans have been perfected, and Potentate Gillette and his committee have issued the following statement to the Nobility at large:

Anticipating and appreciating the elevation of Leo V. Youngworth, Past Potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, to the exalted position of Imperial Potentate, next June, and as a part of the entertainment of the Imperial Council, Al Malaikah Temple has arranged for a tour to the Hawaiian Islands, and will send its uniformed organizations as an escort to the incoming Imperial Potentate, on his first official pilgrimage and visitation to Aloha Temple in Honolulu.

To insure a successful and delightful all-Shrine pilgrimage, Al Malaikah Temple has taken over all of the accommodations of the new Matson liner "Malolo."

This Imperial pilgrimage will leave Los Angeles on the afternoon of June 8th, and go direct to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii, arriving early on the morning of June 13th, so that the party may view the mighty Kilauea volcano and the many natural wonders of the Hawaii National Park. An entire day will be spent on the Island of Hawaii, so that plenty of time will be given for the auto trip to Kilauea and a view of Halemaun, the Fire Pit, the Lava Tubes and many other interesting places in this wonderland of nature. They can also visit the beautiful Hamaleua Coast.

Leaving Hilo at midnight the "Malolo" will arrive at Honolulu early on the morning of June 14th. Those who accompanied Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless on his official pilgrimage to Honolulu will recall the splendid reception that was accorded the Imperial party at that time. Shriners are assured of a repetition of that unique event, with added features. A royal welcome by the Nobility of Aloha Temple will await the arrival of the party, and the citizens of Honolulu will help them enjoy three interesting days.

Al Malaikah Temple has arranged to take over all of the



*(The Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki, where the Shrine visitors
to Hawaii will be accommodated.)*

accommodations of the new Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki Beach for the exclusive use of the members of this Shrine party. The Royal Hawaiian Hotel, built in 1927 at a cost of \$4,000,000, ranks among the finest in the world, offering luxurious comfort with a service distinguished for its excellence. The 18-hole golf course of the Royal Hawaiian was designed by one of the foremost golf architects of America, and this, with many other courses on the Island, will be available for the devotees of this ancient sport. After three days of sight-seeing and entertainment the party will return to the "Malolo," leaving Honolulu at midnight June 16th, arriving at San Francisco on June 21st.

This pilgrimage will afford fourteen delightful days with congenial companions. Al Malaikah Temple has selected the Matson liner "Malolo" for this trip because of her size, speed, steadiness and beautiful appointments. She is the Pacific's finest ship, built in 1927 for the Matson Navigation Company at a cost of eight million dollars. She runs in regular service between San Francisco and Honolulu every two weeks, making the trip in four days. In proportion to her great length of 582 feet the "Malolo" is the widest ship afloat (83 feet) which insures steadiness and provides broad promenade decks. Her displacement tonnage is 22,750 and speed 23 knots (26 miles per hour).

One entire deck of the "Malolo" is given over to public rooms—the lounge, writing room, library, smoking room and veranda—while the sun deck provides room for games and a children's playground. The B deck is devoted exclusively to rooms with private bath, while the C deck has a glass enclosed promenade with rooms with private or connecting baths. On the D deck is the large dining saloon, capable of accommodating 600 first-class passengers at one sitting. The E deck has a large number of rooms with the use of a large number of general baths. All rooms are equipped with beds. On the F deck is the plunge, conveniently reached by elevators serving all the decks, and also a gymnasium and electric baths.

While this will be designated the "Imperial Potentate's Pilgrimage," and additional entertainment will be provided, there will be no increase over the regular tariff fares for both the steamer trip and the accommodations at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The entire trip, including the steamship fare from Los Angeles and back to San Francisco, and including the accommodations at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, can be made for as low as \$350 a person.

The "Malolo" is exclusively a first class passenger ship, having no second or third class accommodations, and in order to insure the comfort and convenience of all, this trip will be limited to 600 first class passengers.

Further information concerning this Imperial Pilgrimage may be obtained by communicating with Al Malaikah Temple, 665 West Jefferson street, Los Angeles, California.

James W. Jump, Louis M. Cole, Sim W. Crabill, Kenneth H. Gillette, Lawrence C. Cobb, George W. Isaacs, R. A. Heffner, Fred J. Wadley, Jr., Wallace L. Tanner, Stanton A. Bruner, John A. Mottashed, Everett W. Mattoon, Stephen H. Perine, Loren D. Hollingsworth, Cyrus Boos, William E. Bush, J. F. Pullen, Potentate, Ben Ali Temple, Ezra W. Decoto, Potentate, Aahmes Temple, Harry B. Coffield, Potentate, Al Bahr Temple, Clifford T. Carpenter, Potentate, El Zaribah Temple, William H. Goodwin, Potentate, Kerak Temple, Phillip A. Erbes, Potentate, Islam Temple—

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1928

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

¶We have all been taught to divide time into three parts; the past, the present and the future. We have learned to think of these three divisions as equal parts of a perfect whole.

¶There is really no such thing as the present. Even as I write the word present one syllable is in the past and the next one is in the future.

¶Eliminating the present leaves only two parts of time, past and future. The past is but a group of memories. The future is a group of hopes. Searching for happiness in the future, we judge entirely by the past. Only by the personal standard can we judge. What brings happiness to one man brings misery to another. What has brought happiness to any individual in the past will bring him happiness in the future.

¶Noble, think back over your past! What brought you the biggest thrill? Your big joy did not come when you got square with some man who mistreated you! Your happiness did not come from licking some pet enemy in an election. It did not even result from that big deal by which you made a lot of money!

¶Your happiness came when you did something for others. When you drove home the shiny new car for the wife; when you told your son he could have his college education, when you helped some brother Noble either financially or socially. The big thrill in the past came not from selfish things, but from unselfish service to others.

¶This will be true of the future! For our future happiness we must look for opportunities to do things for other people. Justifiable selfishness makes us, as Shriners, put our wives and children first. But if every Noble on this continent could travel, as I have traveled since you placed me in this high position, and see, as I have seen, the wonderful work being done by the Crippled Children's Hospitals all over the country, you would be more proud than ever of being a Shriner.

¶These poor little under-privileged tots who drag their maimed little bodies to the hospitals and go laughing and singing away, well again, will make the name of the Mystic Shrine blessed all over the land.

¶It is a great pity every Noble who makes a contribution to this wonderful work can not see what his money does. I urge every Noble who can, to visit one of these hospitals. They are not places of horror. They are homes where happy little children laugh and play as best they can, full of joy because they will soon run and play like other children.

¶Just wait a little while, Noble! Allah will see you presently and when He does, He will say something very kind to you for what you have done for these, His little ones.

Yours in the Faith,

Es Selamu Aleikum

Frank Jones

IMPERIAL POTENTATE



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a nat-

ural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright.

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to address board meetings
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write better letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to overcome stage fright
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

No matter what work you are now doing nor what may be your station in life; no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly

that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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How the Wild White Prize of the Plains, with Desert-Sharpened Wits, met the Human Challenge

Kaibab

By
ARTHUR
CHAPMAN

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

TWO men flattened themselves out on a sloping bank of sand and scanned the desert with field glasses.

In the bowl-like depression behind them, a third man smoked meditatively. All were in cowboy attire, their leather chaparejos, weather-beaten hats and worn boot heels testifying to hard usage. They had spent an uncomfortable night in the hollow of sand, and the chill of the desert was not yet out of their bones.

The first rays of the sun were giving flesh tints to a distant upthrust of mountains. Soon the whimsical desert would be a torture chamber of heat.

"See anything, Mal?"

The taller of the two watchers, who looked grotesquely loose-jointed as he sprawled in the sand, addressed his companion without removing the field glasses from his eyes.

"Not yet, Loney," responded the older and heavier-set man. Then he added: "Look jest to the left of that needle rock and see what you make out."

There was a moment of concentrated scrutiny by both men. Then they lowered their field glasses by common impulse and looked exultantly at each other.

"It's him Mal, shore enough," said Loney in a half-choked voice.

Mal nodded grimly. The flicker of a smile that had appeared on his thin lips died quickly.

"It's Kaibab all right, and that bunch of mares," he agreed, "but we ain't got him yet."

"They're headed this way," argued Loney. "With good luck we oughta have 'em c'ralled in an hour."

"Things look good right now," Mal agreed, almost grudgingly, "but that horse kin outsmart a wolf."

"Don't I know?" said Loney.

"Ain't I chased him off an' on for two years, and you doin' the same, before we throwed in together? But them horses must be dyin' on their feet, and where else kin they go lookin' for water?"

Putting away their field glasses, the men scrambled down to their companion.

"Anything in sight?" queried that individual.

Mal, who had been addressed, did not answer. His cold gray eyes gave no sign that the question had been heard.

"How about that grub?" was his reply.

"There she is—all we brung in the saddle pockets. I could of had coffee if you hadn't told me not to build a fire."

Mal sat on the sand and ate ravenously of bread and meat which had been pointed out. The others joined him, and



Loney, mellowed by the influence of food, became communicative.

"Them horses is headed this way, Tex, with Kaibab leadin' 'em."

Tex's face lighted up with genuine interest. He was the smallest of the trio—a nondescript figure in rough shirt and coffee-stained vest and with six inches of blue overalls showing above his greasy leather chaps. Like the others, he was unshaven and dirty, and his hair was unkempt. What his face might have indicated, beneath its two weeks' stubble, could only be guessed, but his blue eyes seemed boyishly



"Let's end this thing," exclaimed Mal. "Watch the cut, Loney." Stretching forth his hand Mal turned up the nine of clubs. Loney, with hand shaking, drew the queen of hearts.

capture which impended.

"How many's in the bunch with Kaibab?" queried Tex.

"Fourteen."

"I bet half the mares in Kaibab's bunch 'll be branded," went on Tex. "Wacha goin' to do with 'em?"

Mal, who had risen to his feet and had swallowed the last of the water in the canteen, turned his narrow, gray unblinking eyes on Tex.

"We'll tend to that," he said with icy significance. "All you gotta do is what we tell you and keep your mouth shut about it."

Tex's mild blue eyes did not change expression beneath Mal's penetrating gaze. They took in all the details of Mal's personality—his heavy, muscular frame, capable of standing almost unbelievable fatigue in the saddle, his sandy hair and freckled skin which had given him the title of "Red Mal" and his abnormally wide jaws, so tightly clamped that the knotted muscles

stood out in two lumps—the sure sign of a fighting man who, in local vernacular, was always "on the prod."

Tex had drifted into camp like many others in the roundup outfit run by Mal and Loney. Somebody had looked up and had seen him standing in the firelight. The mere statement that he was from Texas had been sufficient to provide him with a nickname. He had helped the cook and had been ready and willing to do any odd job around the camp. Then it was discovered that he was uncannily adept with the rope and in snubbing and breaking wild horses. Because of this final accomplishment Tex had been brought along by the two captains of the wild horse outfit to assist in the great

"We aim to pick up the mares," interposed Loney, "no matter whose brands they're carryin'. But if we kin git this Kaibab horse, I'll be willin' to let all the rest go."

Loney had been a wild horse hunter since boyhood. Most of his six feet of growth had been attained in the saddle. He and Mal had horse ranches in Nevada and posed as honest stockmen, but it was common knowledge that the wild horses of the plains did not supply the greater part of their assets. Local stock raisers might not suffer overmuch—only a fool



"Look jest to the left of that needle rock and see what you make out," said Mal. "It's him, Mal, shore enough," answered Loney, in a half-choked voice.

would comb the home range too hard—but distant ranchers all the way from the southern border to Idaho and Montana made their involuntary contributions to the corrals of Mal and Loney.

Wild horse hunting had given both men excuse for professional activity that covered several states. What sheriffs could watch a mustanger, whose business gave him license to operate everywhere as a free lance? If any stockman cared to make the journey to the ranch of Mal or Loney and could find any four-footed thing there under his own brand, he was welcome to drive it away. The mustangers were quick to explain that it was not always easy to keep branded stock from trailing along with their herds.

If this excuse did not satisfy the ranchman, he was more than welcome to shoot the matter out to a definite conclusion—something which no one cared to try, as Mal and Loney were proved fighters. Mal had killed several men in barroom and gambling brawls. Loney was better natured, but he had his killings, too—three or four matters of self-defense which local juries had approved.

The two mustangers had worked individually in their horse hunting operations until the capture of the wild horse, Kaibab, had become an obsession with them and they had joined forces in one final effort to corral the fleeting white shadow of the plains.

Kaibab had been sought by many others. For two years he had been the prize most desired by horse hunters from the Painted Desert to the "horse heaven" of the far northwest. No single range claimed Kaibab—he claimed them all by an ancestral right that dated back to the days of the Conquistadores. An Arabian "throwback" of the purest type, the white stallion first attracted attention when, as a half grown colt, he was seen in the dim recesses of the Kaibab forest, that strange island of verdure, with the desert stretches of Northern Arizona and Utah surrounding it on three sides and the depths of the Grand Canyon completing the barrier on the south.

Not even the mightiest of chasms was a deterrent to Kaibab. He had been seen on the south side of the Canyon near the Crossing of the Fathers, and mustangers near the Painted Desert and far toward the border in Arizona had tried in vain to run him down or trap him.

Fleeter than the deer that flitted like brown shadows in the Kaibab depths, and, unlike them, contemptuous of the encircling desert, the white stallion roamed to the far corners of the plateau empire. Mormon ranchers cursed him for enticing away their work stock. Then, having once caught a sight of his surpassing beauty, they chased him in relays, with covetousness in their hearts.

Mal and Loney had tried nearly all the expedients known to wild horse hunters in their efforts to capture Kaibab. They had maneuvered him into a blind canyon, only to see him dash madly past them and leap high over the barb wire fence which they had stretched across the entrance.

Finally the mustangers, combining forces, had resorted to

the elaborate expedient of closing all the water holes except one, in a wide district in which Kaibab had been seen. It was hoped that thirst would drive Kaibab to the one open water hole, where he could be trapped. A corral was built about the water hole, but the gate was left open. It was a plan that had worked successfully in other

cases, and never had a stage been set with more care, to guard against failure. After the corrals had been built, Mal and Loney had scattered their cowboys at distant points to guard against the possibility that Kaibab might make a desperate drive to quit the range altogether.

Determined that there should be no bungling at the last minute, Mal and Loney had stood guard at the open water hole. They had taken Tex along, not alone because he would be the best man for assistance in the corral when Kaibab was to be roped and "broke," but because he was at once handy and docile—a self-effacing sort who never was in the way and yet who was always doing the right thing at the right time.

It was Tex who had picketed the horses in a distant arroyo, where there would be no danger of their being seen or heard by the approaching wild horse band. It was Tex who had dragged their saddle blankets and grub to the depression near the water hole where they had watched the approach of Kaibab and his companions.

Between the outstretched figures of his companions, Tex cautiously raised his head far enough above the edge of the desert level to enable him to see the wild horse band. Then, emotion overpowering him, he could only exclaim as many another had done, "Gawd, what a horse!" There was no need to use field glasses now. The white, though slanting rays of the sun had dispersed the last vestige of the purple of dawn. Kaibab and his cluster of charges were not more than a mile from the watchers. His body rose and fell rhythmically—a glistening white spot in the dusty sage—as he led the way to the one place where the tortures of thirst could be ended.

To the left of the men was the water hole, surrounded by a stout corral, six bars high. The swinging gate to the corral was standing open. A rope stretched from the gate to the scene of the mustangers' long vigil. A tug at the rope and Kaibab would be caught, if once he entered that trap of logs.

"Gawd!" exclaimed Tex half pityingly. "Them animals must have loped all night from Kirby's water hole. Ef they ain't plum starved for a drink now they never will be."

"Well," said Mal sharply, "it's up to us to git out of sight now and keep there. If Kaibab once sees the top of a man's head, he's gone, thirst or no thirst."

"Right you are," agreed Loney as he scrambled down the slope, followed by the others.

"Stay right where you are, just as if somebody planted you there!" commanded Tex, covering them with his own forty-five.



Mal, signaling the others to keep back, cautiously crawled to the edge of the pit and waited, rope in hand.

Life for Kaibab had been full of excitements. In his colthood he had seen his mother wage many protective fights in his behalf. The prairie wolves were relentless stalkers of wild colts. When the winter snows were heavy in the forest, numerous battles were staged against these gray skulkers. The wild horses would form a circle with the colts in the center, and more than one wolf was kicked to death in trying to penetrate this barrier.

The mountain lions which skulked in the rocky glens adjacent to the huge canyon were not so easily fought off. Kaibab had terrifying recollections of seeing one of these tawny, serpentine monsters launch itself like a thunderbolt upon him from a tree. Lightning was met with lightning, for Kaibab's mother had intervened and caught the full force of the attack. The struggle was brief, and from that time on Kaibab faced the terrors of the desert with no protection except a common guardianship.



With all his senses alert Kaibab led his thirsty band from one water hole to another only to find each one barred.

Even as a colt, Kaibab stood out in startling contrast with the remainder of the wild horse band. His head was beautifully proportioned, with small muzzle and sensitive nostrils and large, intelligent eyes. His neck was light and well arched, the "join" at the throat adding distinction to his profile. His withers were high and his shoulders well sloped, and his quarters finely modeled and powerful. Above the hock his leg had the remarkable length found in the pure-bred Arab. Like all Arabians he carried his tail high, and his long mane rippled like a thing alive in the lightest breeze.

Kaibab soon learned that the men who beset him on every side were his enemies most to be avoided. There was something of fine contempt in the way Kaibab met the human challenge from year to year. He had more than himself to protect. It is the desert law that the stallion at the head of a wild horse band must be a true guardian. He must not lead his charges into danger and yet he must take them where they can find feed and water. He must think for all, and, when occasion comes, he must fight for all.

Kaibab was soon called upon to meet such responsibilities. The band in which he had grown to full strength and stature was led by a roan stallion whose scarred sides told of many battles with his own kind. His last fight was waged with a big sorrel, the leader of another band. The fight was unduly short. The roan, carried forward irresistibly by a fierce rush at the interloper, had plunged into an arroyo and broken his neck.

Ordinarily the victor would have merged the loser's band with his own, but it was not to be in this case. Kaibab, with teeth bared and ears laid back, sprang to avenge his fallen leader.

There was a mighty rearing, and clashing of hoofs. The defiant neighing of the big sorrel soon changed to squeals of rage, under the swift attacks of Kaibab. The heavier horse fought ferociously and strove to send home the death-kick but always Kaibab was just out of reach of flying heels while his own thudded against the ribs of his enemy. Occasionally they met head-on, and reared and struck at each other like boxers. But, try as he would the sorrel stallion could not strike Kaibab to the earth, while always there came those mystifying attacks from the side which could not be avoided.

There could be only one outcome to such a battle. Soon the sorrel was stretched in the sand, while Kaibab, unmarked, trotted away—now at the head of both bands in his own right.

There was no seasonal ease on the great plateau. It was a question whether winter or summer took the greater toll from the desert dwellers. In the short spring season there was plenty of water in the arroyos and canyons. This quickly dried as the sun gathered full strength. The grass and shrubs withered and finally were cut to pieces by the sand drift. The mesquite seemed to shrivel along the edges of the dry river beds. The saw-edge and spine-point of the yucca became sharper day by day. The thorns on the cactus, some straight and some curved like claws, became more weapon-like.

The sheath of the cholla thorn dried, and, if anything pushed against it, would come off and fester in the wound.

Generally the wild horses ranged on the higher reaches of the plateau where vegetation was heaviest, but occasionally they would cross the depths of a desert bowl, lured by attractive heights on the other side. Then they would know the tortures of real thirst. They crossed vast beds of sand and gypsum, white as snow. Their feet plunged in to the hocks and came out leaving no trail. The winds that came from the distant mountains caught up sand-whirl after sand-whirl—dust devils that moved across the face of the plain in a mad dance and then disappeared only to yield place to others.

Here was no water, save at an occasional oasis, which perhaps was so heavy with alkali or arsenic as to be poisonous. The dead bodies of desert animals, about such places proved warning enough, even if the keen sense of smell and taste with which the wild horses had been gifted had not told them that the water should not be touched.

To offset such experiences would come the cool nights, when the rabbits and lizards and other small dwellers in the desert forsook the shady canyons and burrowed into warm beds in the sand—nights of glory, with the moon and stars glaring unrestrainedly through an atmosphere so rarefied as to destroy perspective. In the cool of these nights, Kaibab and his band would travel incredible distances, confounding the human enemies who might be on their trail.

When these enemies became too persistent, there would be long treks to the northward where the forests became more numerous—not the clean, open forest of Kaibab's birthplace, but dark, heavy masses of pine and spruce, full of baffling underbrush and tangles of down timber. Here were valleys where the grass was strangely green and heavy, but the ranches were more numerous, and the wild horse bands were fewer. The winter came sooner and the first snows were deeper, so late autumn would find Kaibab and his companions back in the plateau country, close to the mighty river that had laid bare the secrets of millions of years in cutting the desert in half.

Occasionally, when a concerted effort had been made to capture him, Kaibab found all his resourcefulness called upon in order that he might shake off the [Continued on page 59]

"Get Sophisticated Quick" was her slogan, but the lovely Sheila found a few annoying obstacles, when she got into action



What Has Gone Before

"WHAT could be worse?" asked Tom Braddock of his dinner guest, Anthony Riddick, attorney and friend of the family, "than for a twenty-two year old daughter to tell her father to 'hush up' if he knows what is best?"

"But you see, Father," Sheila, the third person at the dinner table answered, "you shouldn't have persisted in asking where Mother was. She's having an affair and I think she wants a divorce. Only Drew Benson must never marry her because he's twelve years younger. When a woman of forty-two starts her second blooming she loses all sense of proportion."

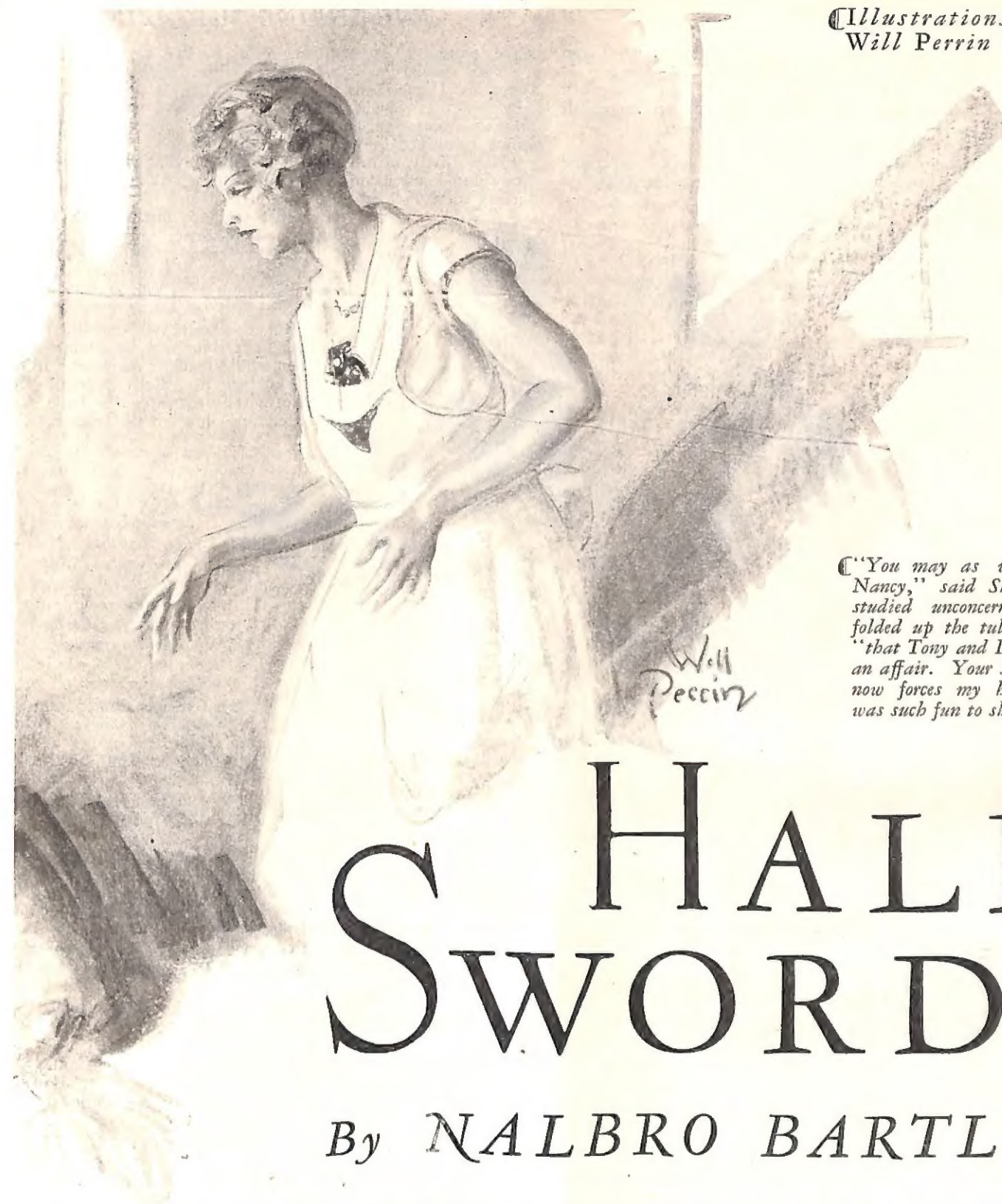
"Good Lord, Riddick," Braddock exclaimed, "am I dreaming?" "Yes, and it's time to wake up, Dad," Sheila again

answered. "You married Badgy (Sheila's and her brother's name for their mother) when she was nineteen and you were thirty-one. You made money and saw to it that neither you nor your family enjoyed it, and we had to flatter and dupe you in order to live. So I can understand Badgy's affair even if I disapprove."

Riddick had been looking hard at Sheila, seeing her as a grown up for the first time in her becoming white taffeta dress, her red hair coiled about her head and her cool grey eyes contradicting the warmth of her mouth.

And Sheila, flushing under his scrutiny, was wondering just how wicked Tony Riddick really was. A brilliant, cynical lawyer of thirty-five, there were always a dozen rumors of

Illustrations by
Will Perrin



"You may as well know, Nancy," said Sheila, with studied unconcern, as she folded up the tulle negligée, "that Tony and I are having an affair. Your staying here now forces my hand." It was such fun to shock Nancy!

S HALF SWORDS

By NALBRO BARTLEY

his being engaged. He maintained mysterious bachelor chambers, aside from the old Riddick house where his widowed sister-in-law lived with his niece, Nancy, who had just eloped with Sheila's young brother, Tom.

After Sheila's parents decided on a divorce she gave the family a jolt by declaring her intention of becoming "a woman of the world," avoiding her mother's mistake of marrying too young. Riddick, she decided, was to be her first victim, so she surprised and bewildered him one evening by a visit to his apartments. Riddick got Sheila behind a screen as Badgy and Drew Benson came in, but Sheila deliberately announced her presence. A few minutes later Braddock's step was heard outside and Sheila, Badgy and Drew made their escape.

BRADDOCK'S step was that of an old man. He entered the room and found a chair before he said dully: "Well, Riddick, my boy and your niece have made as big fools of themselves as my wife and her play

director. To think of those two silly kids of ours eloping." Meantime, Badgy and Drew were being smuggled downstairs and into Drew's roadster, Sheila holding her mother on her lap in a protecting manner.

As a chaperone, Sheila was superb. Later in the evening, she found her mother in Tom's room, one half of which was an orderly booky affair and the other half a confusion of tools and a work bench.

"My boy is gone," Badgy sobbed in mediocre fashion. "Oh, Sheila, how could he have married her?"

"To avoid your own and father's plights," reminded Sheila. "We both want to avoid them. So we are trying our own formula—at least it's worth the gamble."

"What plights?" Badgy forgot her tears.

"Why—the years of your being tucked away on a closet shelf. That remark of Drew's wasn't so bad. Of poor dad's going to seed when he discovers that his wife loves a thirty-year-old dilettante and his son elopes with a nineteen-year-old

apple dumpling and will have to begin grinding out oil and gas for a living. Wait until he knows that his daughter is going to be a woman of the world. If Tom and Nancy can get away with their idea and not end like you are doing, all power to them—"

"What idea?" said Badgy, distinctly curious.

"They leave the matrimonial post neck to neck," explained Sheila. "Neither intends to let the other have the bulge on him—" drawing out a cigarette.

"How ridiculous," Badgy's displeasure increased. "And I suppose Tom is going to use his two-thousand-dollar legacy from my mother to try to defy the world and defy himself and Nancy!"



(Sheila was startled, disarmed, as Riddick took her hand. "Suppose I took you at your word," he asked, "what would you do?"

"Maybe! I shall use my legacy for a trip to Europe, as soon as playing with Tony becomes a bore."

Presently, Sheila went to bed.

When Badgy was alone, she told herself that she must consider practical problems as well as all these distracting theories and advices. Where and how would Tom and Nancy keep house?

The front door banged; the hall light was extinguished. Braddock was coming upstairs. He, too, was headed for Tom's deserted room. Badgy halfway hid, watching her husband look at the shelf of law books, the closed desk. She stepped into the middle of the room.

"Oh, it's you," was all her husband said.

"Do you mind telling me what Tony said—at least about Nancy?" Badgy asked.

"Nancy's all right; being a woman she'll get by," he answered bitterly. "Nancy's mother will forgive her and resent Tom. For now, Riddick's going to loan them his sky parlor."

"That absurd place?" Badgy was on the defensive.

"Suitable enough for Tom and Nancy—for anyone these days. I'm beginning to think. Tom's going to be a garage man," with a hard little laugh.

"He'll become a genius," his mother protested.

Braddock was too angry to be forceful in his answer: "What sense is there in a man's slaving for a family only to have that family first cheat and then disgrace him? I gave up law because my father became an invalid but I told myself that my son should sit on the supreme bench. I was happy in every sacrifice."

"Now I find that my wife wants to marry a parlor trickster; my son runs away with a red-cheeked moron, chucks his career—"

Neither parent mentioned the cause of this turmoil—Sheila, who dreamed of leading her own life, involving Riddick, patronizing Nancy and Tom.

Braddock turned on his heel. Badgy followed him.

"I've done with pretending," she began, "not that I—"

Braddock was issuing a final mandate. "I leave for camp tomorrow. Stay here if you like. I don't want to hear from Tom. Riddick keeps me posted."

"YOU won't mind if I get my things before anyone starts exploring?" Sheila asked mysteriously.

Nancy, all apron, floury tipped fingers and a recent water

wave, paused in astonishment as if she had not heard aright.

"Your things?" as Sheila rummaged in the chiffonier. "Why those are Uncle Tony's. Please. Sheila, he won't like it—why-ee—" as Sheila brought to light blue satin mules, a fluff of swansdown and three ounces of orange-shaded tulle which combined to make a negligée.

"Now that you are one of us, you may as well know that Tony and I are having an affair," Sheila was intent on transferring these articles to an overnight bag.

"You mean that you are flirting with Uncle Tony? But it's—it's horrid," rebuked Nancy. "Tom would be wild. It only complicates things all over again," on the verge of tears.

"I'm living my life just as you and Tom are living yours. I warned you—"

"But how did you dare— Why, Sheila, everyone will be stunned."

Something cracked ominously from the kitchenette. Both reached the stove in time to watch the bone dry kettle burst into brittle fragments.

"That means dinner will be late," moaned Nancy. "And Tom's so ravenous."

"I'll run along and not hold up things any more," Sheila suggested. "By, sweet thing . . ."

Sheila tripped downstairs. It was fun to bait Tony, rearrange her parents' destinies, shock Tom and Nancy. At the doorway, she paused.

Sheila felt opulent these days. When one has hoarded a two-thousand-dollar legacy since one was of age, merely because one's father said that it was the thing to do, one is overwhelmed by the available carte blanche which one can use to buy a sophisticated wardrobe.

She moved slowly to the curb where a taxi waited to take her back to the sedate brick house. Her mother was having Drew for dinner.

"I won't come down, Badgy," she said, as she found the former before her dressing table. "What are you going to wear?"

"The red crêpe," said Badgy dispiritedly. "Have you seen Nancy? Has she plenty of linens? Do you think she feeds Tom correctly? Have you seen Tony—is he going to do anything more about them?"

"Hardly. He's loaned them his apartment until they are forgiven."

"Where are you going?" Badgy was looking in her glass and studying Sheila unawares.

"Nowhere just now. To Paris when you do. I shall stay as long as my money holds out. I want to find you a really practical second husband," she floated into her own room.

Badgy came after her. "There are the tryouts for the new Players' comedy," she said. "Drew thinks you might have a part. It might look well to have you try for one. Don't you think so? Under the circumstances, I can't and yet I want to. I want—" there were new, unhappy lines in Badgy's face.

"You're beginning to be jealous of Drew—and his new finds during tryouts! There always will be new finds, darling, the same as there always will be spring flowers and measles. You must nerve yourself for that kind of thing."

The bell rang and Badgy flew downstairs. It was Drew, Sheila learned from leaning over the balcony. He was engrossed with this new comedy . . . there had been remarkably pretty girls at the tryout this noon . . . remarkably attractive . . . bless their sweet hearts . . . he adored young things. What had she heard from her husband? Silence was

ominous, was it not? And what a barn of a house this was—what hideous woodwork.

Sheila tiptoed back to her room. She unpacked the bag containing the new, still price-tagged lingerie which she had first smuggled into Riddick's apartment and then pretended to have rescued in time to prevent a general scandal. Of course Nancy would tell Tom and Tom would tell Riddick. He might tell his father. Anyway, it was certain to make a stir.

TOM had rebelled at his supper of tinned stuff. He had had a wonderful day at the "shop." He was all enthusiasm whenever he mentioned the shop, that east side garage where every neurotic motor in town was taken as a last resort. Well, what was it she had been doing? He had told his stuff.

So she had been at her mother's house but had nothing to say. Absolutely nothing. Was the laundry back? He needed clean stuff. Were his socks mended? What else had she been doing—well, why hedge and act so uneasy—all right, keep her secrets.

Tom's temper was short; Nancy's was hysterical. She had been disillusioned as to his sister, she told him, a witness to the former's depravity.

When Nancy finished her story in detail, Tom ignored the delicatessen display before him and rose to find his coat and hat.

"Where are you going—you're not presentable?" faltered Nancy.

"I'm going to tell Riddick to lay off my kid sister. We'll leave here," he added masterfully. "I don't want that man's hospitality. Of course, darling, this has nothing to do with you and me and our future . . . only, I do like a hot meat dish in the evening," as he bent to kiss her.

There was something of confusion in Nancy's expression.

"Sorry about supper," she apologized, "please don't assault Uncle Tony. Sheila's to blame . . . Sheila's so fond of dramatizing life that perhaps she isn't quite accurate . . . if you know what I mean. Of course it has nothing to do with us . . . we're quite in step, aren't we?" with further confusion both in her voice and her eyes.

Rehearsals of the new comedy given by the Players' Club were under way when the young Tom Braddocks moved from Riddick's bachelor quarters to the house of Mrs. Tom Braddock's forgiving mother. After all, that was the logical solution. Braddock senior had written Tom a fairly decent letter and enclosed a check for a wedding present. He added that he hoped Nancy was domestically inclined and that Tom would take a course or so at night school.

Sheila and her mother were still at the Braddock residence. Drew Benson was engrossed with rehearsals for the comedy. He told Badgy that she would have to be patient—he could not make time for her these days.

"You're moping for Drew. He's busy, just as father used to tell you," Sheila

both accused and comforted. "That's the way all men treat the women they are sure of having won."

"I'm not moping for him; I'm sure of Drew," Badgy defended. She felt stripped of every vestige of parental authority.

"I'll stand by," Sheila promised, "unless you marry Drew." Sheila was thinner and her eyes more coldish and absent-minded.

"Nancy's going to be in the comedy," Badgy told Sheila. "Drew says she is a wonderful ingenue. You'd think he had discovered a great artist. Tom doesn't even know she is in the cast. I don't like their starting in that way—even with faint deceptions."

"Deceptions? That peerless pair! There must be a mistake," Sheila insisted. "If you but knew how stoutly they spoke against such an error. Oh, Badgy, what's the matter with me these days? I'm a patchwork of different emotions. I worry about the dad and Tom's patent and your lack of common sense and why grandmother didn't make my legacy twenty thousand—and Tony—you see, I don't want Tony to be heartbroken if I tell him that our affair is ended," rather stumbling over this last.

[Continued on page 43]



(Sheila was holding the door shut. "Tony and I are having a wonderful moment," she called to Tom. "You impossible brat," Tony cried.

The GUM DROPS of Mr. Gapoulos

By
Ben Lucien
BURMAN

Illustrations by
L. R. Gustavson

INSPECTOR Carey climbed the gray steps of the hospital which, bleak and ugly, sprawled along the street, and making his way into an interior a trifle less dismal, spoke a few words to the white-capped attendant sitting behind a switchboard. Then he took a seat on a high-backed chair.

In a few moments a young woman clad in a bright blue and white nurse's uniform stood before him. Her brown hair strayed here and there under her cap; her blue eyes looked out from under dark lashes; her finely moulded features would have instantly caused her to be singled out as a woman of unusual beauty. But it was a beauty touched with sorrow, for her eyes were drawn and her cheeks white. She was evidently recovering from the effects of a severe shock.

The officer arose. "I'm Inspector Carey, Miss King," he said quietly. "The District Attorney has told me something of your story. I've come to see if I can help you. And I'd like to have that box if you please."

The girl's slim hand was trembling. "It's awfully good of you to have come. I appreciate it. Tremendously." She smiled at him wanly. "I've been so upset I don't know what to do. But in a way I'm sorry you've come. I've been thinking it over and if I had known that Dr. Farquar would have communicated with the police, I don't think I should have told him. I don't want to get anyone into trouble. I think I'd rather drop it."

The detective shook his head. "I'm afraid it's gone too far, Miss King. The state's concerned as well as yourself now. Get me that box if you please."

"Yes sir."

She left the shadowy reception room. In a moment she returned, holding a candy box whose lid bore the picture of a gaily attired girl riding a roan horse. The officer took the box and opened it. Two rows of gum drops were exposed. Gum drops of black, green, red, lavender, but all twice as large as the usual confection. All were covered with a white powder, apparently sugar.

The inspector glanced at them quickly. Then he faced the nurse again. "I'm afraid I'll have to bother you for the details of this," he stated. "Tell me when and how you received it."

She brushed a wisp of hair back under her cap. "It came yesterday afternoon." Her voice was halting, frightened. "We all get our mail over at the desk there and the clerk who was on duty handed it to me. I was on the way to

my room in the Home across the street so I took it with me and opened it. I looked for a card but I didn't find any and I thought one of the girls was doing it as a joke so that she could tease me afterward about my admirer who sends me candy. The fact that the gum drops were the large kind made me certain it was one of them for they all know those gum drops are my favorite candy. I had picked one up and was just about to put it in my mouth when I happened to notice the white powder. It didn't seem just right to me. I don't know why. Instinct perhaps. Or perhaps because I'm a nurse and trained to observe things closely. At any rate I put it back in the box. Then I began thinking. The more I thought the more frightened I became, so finally I took it to Dr. Farquar—he's chief of staff—and showed it to him. He agreed with me that it was probably a joke. But nevertheless he took some of the powder and gave it the saucer test—putting the powder on a white piece of china you know—and it stained the saucer black. Then we knew it was arsenic." Her thin lips quivered. "I've been very happy here since I came from Chicago about a year ago to become assistant matron but now that this has happened I'm beginning to regret that I came. I'm not an angel, Mr. Carey, no human being is, but I've never deliberately harmed anyone. Why should they want to kill me? And kill me in this terrible way." A tear trickled down her cheek.

The detective took a pinch of the powder, rubbed it between his fingers, feeling the texture, then brought it to his nostrils. "It certainly appears to be arsenic," he pronounced. "Though

"Why should they want to kill me in this terrible way?" she asked, tearfully. The detective carried a pinch of the powder to his nostrils. "It certainly appears to be arsenic," he said.

I'll turn it over to our chemist and have him make certain. You must have incurred a most bitter enmity to have this sent to you. Think deeply and see if you can't recall some incident, some act of yours which might have aroused that enmity."

She stared drearily at the brown carpet on the floor. "I've been thinking every minute since the box came. But I can't imagine who would do it." Nervously she twisted the button on her sleeve. "I know there are persons who don't like me. But none of them would do a thing like this to me. None of them."

"Well, if you can't conceive of a motive we'll have to try to find it for you. I wish you'd bring a pencil and some paper and go over with me all your acquaintances, both those who seem fond of you and those who dislike you, anyone in fact that you know with any degree of intimacy. I'd like the addresses too, wherever you know them. I might wish to call on them a little later." He tapped the candy box reflectively. "It's obvious, you see, that since this person sent you your

—they were
forty cents
a pound—
an "important
trifle"
that gave a
Criminologist
just the Clue
he needed



favorite candy he knew something of your habits. Where do you buy these gum drops generally?"

"Nowhere in particular. Any candy store I happen to pass."

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Forty cents a pound."

They spent the next hour in compiling the list the officer had suggested, then he left her and made his way to an office where Dr. Farquar, the chief of staff, was studying some charts. The doctor greeted the officer cordially.

"This is an extremely regrettable occurrence. Mr. Carey, extremely regrettable," he declared when the detective had asked for any observations he had made which might lead to the nurse's poisoner. "An attempt on a woman's life is bad enough at any time, but this sneaking, cowardly sort of attempt seems to me absolutely atrocious. Miss King is one

of the most charming, sweetest persons I've had the privilege of knowing in a long time. She's won the affection of almost everyone in the hospital. She's hard working, she's intelligent, and she's introduced some new methods in the nursing which we of the staff have found extremely valuable. Why anyone should wish to murder her is simply beyond me." He took a long, thin cigar from a tray on his desk and began a meditative smoke. For a moment he sat in silence, gazing absently at the figure carved in the handle of his bronze paper cutter, then he chucked his cigar into the tray with a suddenness which scattered tobacco ash over his trouser knee. "By George!" he exclaimed. "By George! I was a fool not to think of it earlier. There might be a connection."

The inspector gazed at him wonderingly. "What do you mean, doctor?"

"Wait a minute." The physician arose, and hurrying to a filing cabinet, took out a letter. He handed it to the detective. "Read it," he said.

The officer withdrew a sheet of paper from the envelope. His brows narrowed, his eyes flashed. "Hum," he murmured. "This is interesting. Very interesting."

On the paper was typed these sentences:

"Dr. Farquar:

Above all institutions a hospital should be jealous of the honor and reputation of its employees. When evil enters, pluck out evil by the roots. It is worst of all when this evil exists in high places for there it gives example to others. There are some stories about the pretty assistant matron from Chicago. Keep your eyes open.

A Friend of The Hospital."

The inspector thrust the paper back into the envelope. "Any idea who sent this?" he queried.

The surgeon's countenance clouded. "No, I don't think I can say that I have a definite idea," he replied slowly.

"But you have suspicions?"

He gazed at the detective doubtfully. "Not suspicions exactly. Perhaps I'd better call it a vague feeling."

"Who is the object of this vague feeling?"

Dr. Farquar passed his hand over the sharp trimmed goatee which hid his chin. "I don't like to make promiscuous accusations. I'm not given to generalities and I'm doubly reluctant because another member of the hospital staff is concerned. I don't know who sent that letter. But in fairness to you, I think I should tell you that I do know someone who might have had the desire to send it. That person is Miss Mabley, the chief matron of the hospital."

He took up his cigar again. "Mind I'm not accusing her. She is, however, the only one here who does dislike Miss King and she does so intensely. I think it's possible she wrote the letters, but that she's capable of sending the candy I rather doubt. I'll tell you the situation and you can draw your own conclusions. I don't know how familiar you are with medicine, but you may know that medical practise and nursing methods have changed a great deal in the past few years. Miss Mabley, the matron, belongs to the old school, Miss King, her assistant, to the new. Merely because an idea is old-fashioned doesn't mean that it's bad, but there were a number of things in the nursing system here which were both old-fashioned and bad. Miss King when she arrived thought they ought to be changed, Miss Mabley didn't. Finally after considerable bickering at the staff meetings we decided to let Miss King have her way in a few cases. Her innovations were successful instantly. All the doctors were delighted. But Miss Mabley, who was already jealous because her assistant was so much younger than she—too young, she felt to hold such a responsible position—was infuriated. I've heard from others that since that

time Miss Mabley hardly speaks to her and has gone about among the nurses and doctors saying all sorts of unpleasant things about her whenever she has the chance. Miss King didn't say anything about this to you?"

"No."

"It's just like her. She's a mighty decent sort. An unusually decent sort. When I showed her the letter she asked me to say nothing about it. There were two others came after this one, each a little bit worse. I burned them. All this may be quite unjust to Miss Mabley. As I said, it's a vague and possibly fantastic notion that I've got. But in spite of my respect for her and my appreciation of her long and faithful service here, I know that she has a vindictive disposition. While I said nothing when the affair was merely a few petty, scandal-mongering letters, now that it's a case of attempted murder I think I should be partially guilty myself if I didn't tell you. I certainly hope you find she's innocent."

The officer asked a few further questions, then returned to the reception room. A few moments later Miss Mabley strode inside. She was tall, gaunt, a spinster in whose lined face and narrow eyes asperity and cynicism were written.

The inspector studied her closely. "What seems to be the trouble between you and Miss King, Miss Mabley?" he queried after he had introduced himself.

She started, shot a curious glance at him, then drew herself up stiffly. "Trouble? There is no trouble," she retorted. "I'm matron of this hospital, that's all, been here almost twenty years, and I don't think I have to take lessons from a young upstart who comes marching in with a lot of fantastic ideas."

"I see . . . I suppose you don't know that she's been sent poison," he murmured, watching her intently. "In a box of candy."

Her face became a mask. For an instant she did not reply. "Who sent it?" she said at length. Her voice was cold, deliberate.

"I don't know. I'm trying to find out. You're her chief. I thought you might give me some idea, might have some information which might assist me."

She bit her lip. "I know nothing about her affairs. I want to know nothing about them. But of one thing you can be sure. The person who sent her the poison was a man or sent it to her on account of a man. She flirts with the doctors here outrageously." She stalked out of the room.

The inspector watched her disappear, then leaned back in his chair and became lost in meditation. Rarely at the beginning of a case did appearance point so strongly to one individual as the criminal. The hollow cheeked Miss Mabley unquestionably possessed the desire to be rid of her assistant, unquestionably was jealous of her beauty and charm. But whether Miss Mabley's jealousy would carry her to the point of murder he could not tell. The web of circumstance spinning itself about her might be but coincidence. But if not she, who then was the guilty one?

He opened the candy box again and gazing at the white powder on the gum drops, theorized. The arsenic was so evenly mixed with the white sugar as to be indistinguishable; since arsenic is one of the few poisons practically tasteless, on the candy it was unnoticeable both to eye and tongue. Its use therefore implied a realization that of all poisons it was best adapted for the purpose, a knowledge impossible without some understanding of chemistry. Further, the poison had been used in large quantities, quantities far more than sufficient to cause death. An item of particular interest when viewed with the fact that numerous other poisons may be purchased in drug stores without difficulty while arsenic is hedged round with restrictions that make its purchase either

impossible or when permitted call very definite attention to the purchaser. Murderers are always anxious to escape notice; therefore the sender as well as being a person with some knowledge of chemistry possessed or had access to large amounts of arsenic. Who would fit such a classification? A doctor certainly, a chemist, a druggist, perhaps a nurse. What more likely then that the poisoner was someone either now or at a former time employed in the hospital where arsenic is plentiful and almost every clerk has some rudimentary knowledge of toxicology.

Reflecting in this fashion, the detective hurried down the corridor to a door which bore the inscription "Hospital Pharmacy." He entered. A young man with dapper mustache and hair slicked back straight from his forehead stood behind a counter.

"Let me see your poison record please," the inspector requested. "Complete for the last three or four months."

The other brought the record book and laid it on the counter. The officer's eyes passed quickly over the close-written pages. He glanced up at the pharmacist who had lit a cigarette and was watching him keenly. "Is everything in here all right?" he queried.

"Certainly sir."

"You're sure you haven't given out anything without recording it?" The other took a flippant puff of his cigarette. "I know the law. I know the law all right," he mumbled.

"That isn't the point. Knowing the law and observing it aren't the same thing. If anyone of the hospital staff, say a doctor that you liked, a pretty nurse, or one of the wardmen came in and said they wanted some arsenic to kill some rats, you'd give it to that person and say nothing and write nothing about it, wouldn't you?"

The dapper-mustached one grunted denial. "I tell you I wouldn't. I don't want to get in trouble. Don't care who he is or what she was. I tell you I know the law."

Seeing that nothing was to be gained by further inquiry for the time at least, the detective took his leave and back at headquarters, placed the clues he had collected upon his desk. He began to examine the paper on which the Friend of The Hospital had written the message of warning. It was white paper of an ordinary weight, evidently the stationery of some firm or institution, for the upper section which usually bears the corporation's name had been roughly torn away, leaving only a capital N along the date line, possibly the first letter of New York, Newport, or any of the myriad, similarly named municipalities. He held the paper in front of the window. A watermark, a tiny anchor, showed against the sunlight. He placed it on the desk again and glanced at the words typed upon it. To the ordinary business man or his secretary the letter written by one typewriter is exactly like that written by all the other typewriters of similar manufacture in the world, with a possible variance due to the newness or dilapidation of the ribbon. But to the criminologist, each tail of the y, the faintness or heaviness of the dot over the i, the distance of the period from the l or the comma from the m constitute marks which make it unique, marks almost as certain in their identification as the whorl or spiral on the human thumb. If the opportunity offered he could select the machine which had written that letter out of a million.

He glanced at the envelope. It was the usual sort on sale in every stationery store. The postmark indicated that it had been mailed at the City Hall branch of the New York Post-office. He picked up the heavy manila wrapper which had been tied about the candy. The postmark on this was identical with that on the letter.

The inspector turned his attention to the candy and once more gazing at the pasty confections and the gaily attired



After a weary search the detective found a Greek confectioner who declared the box was from his store. "But I do not know who have buy them," he gestured. "I am no good for faces!"

rider decorating the box lid, decided that this would be the first trail he would follow in trying to scent out his quarry. Visiting one of the leading confectioners, he learned that this particular type of gum drop was manufactured by a company whose plant was located in a loft building not far away.

He hurried to it. "Are these large gum drops good sellers?" he asked the manager. "Do you send them to many stores?"

"Yes. Yes. They're good sellers," the other responded. "We send them all over the country in fact. Maine to California. It's one of our boasts. In greater New York alone I should say we send them to fifty or sixty stores."

"Will you be good enough to have a list of the New York places made out for me?"

"Certainly. Just as soon as one of the clerks can compile it for you." In an hour the list was in his hands, in another hour he had set out on his tour. From confectionery to confectionery he wandered, searching always for the one who would recognize the archly smiling young lady painted on the roan horse. At last after many hours of futile labor his persistency was rewarded. Far uptown, in a confectionery whose mirrors were half hidden by the "Love Nest Sundae" and "Honeymoon Special" signs painted upon them, he found a burly Greek who instantly declared that the box in the detective's hand had once been on his shelves.

"But I do not know who have buy them," he muttered. "No. And I cannot to tell who have buy it if I see heem again. No. That I cannot to tell. I am no good for faces. And I sell verree many of these box each day. Business here now verree good."

The inspector was somewhat disappointed. He had hoped that his quarry might have manifested some nervousness, let fall some slight remark which could have singled him out from the other patrons of the busy establishment. But apparently Mr. Gapoulos, the proprietor, was more interested in his cash register than in a study of humanity and even had



The tall gaunt spinster was jealous of her assistant's beauty and charm.

the purchaser betrayed his purpose in some fashion, the Greek would not have noticed. Consequently the detective soon abandoned questioning him. After a brief time spent in squeezing one of the gum drops on sale to feel its texture, glancing at the price printed on a black sign, and observing a few other details of the store as was his custom, he returned to headquarters to plan his course of action.

For the moment at least he was balked. The clue of the candy had seemingly led nowhere. He returned to his theorizing. The gaunt Miss Mabley was ever present as the possible, most logical criminal, yet disregarding her, who else with a knowledge of chemistry and an accessibility to arsenic would be likely to desire her assistant's death? Miss King was young, beautiful, and he knew without the matron's testimony that her charms would fascinate the young surgeons of the hospital. Was the sender perhaps one of these whose love she had spurned, and whose devotion had now turned to bitter hate? Was it perhaps a nurse whom she had displaced in the affections of one of these same surgeons, and who now crazed with jealousy sought this means of revenge? Or was the sender perhaps none of these, but the flippant, dapper-mustached pharmacist with arsenic at his finger-tips and glib declarations that he knew the law ever ready at his lips?

For a long time he sat in his chair, motionless, pondering. Then his eyes lighted; he smiled exultantly. The hunter had found the trail again. And if his theories proved the truth, it would be a hunt at whose end he would find an extraordinary fox.

Swiftly he glanced down the list of acquaintances Miss King had compiled for him; speedily he selected from it the names of Norma Belton and Elsie Darrell, one living but half a mile and the other two blocks from the bright-lighted confectionery of Mr. Gapoulos. Then for a second time he made his way to the hospital.

Miss King's cheeks were not as pale as on his first visit but her drawn eyes still showed the effects of her fright.

"I've been going over this list of your acquaintances again," the officer began gently. "And I'd like to know a little more about some of them. Miss Belton and Miss Darrell in particular. Are those both good friends of yours?"

The nurse gazed at him in astonishment. "Surely you're not thinking of suspecting them," she exclaimed. "I don't know Miss Belton so well, but Elsie Darrell's my best friend. Oh you couldn't suspect her."

"I'm not leaving any means untried, Miss King. Best friends are sometimes not what they appear. You're certain you've never had any trouble with either of them? About a man perhaps?"

"Never. Never."

"How long have you known them?"

"Miss Belton I've known only a short time. But Elsie I've known for years. Three or four years at least."

"Are they both nurses?"

"Miss Belton isn't. But Elsie was a nurse here until a little while ago. Lately she's taken up stenography and become a secretary." She gazed at the officer appealingly. "Mr. Carey, rather than have you suspect Elsie of doing a thing like that I'd rather you drop the whole thing right now. It makes me wretched to even think about it."

A few moments later he left her, glanced at the pharmacist who passed in the corridor, and hurrying uptown, halted before an apartment house whose brownstone front was a trifle faded. On the sidewalk were the bits of straw and scraps of rags always remaining to mark the visit of moving-men. The officer searched in vain on the bell plates for the name Darrell, then rang for the caretaker.

A withered Irishwoman appeared in answer. "Ah an' it's Miss Elsie yer wantin', is it?" she mumbled. "Shure Miss Elsie's this minute stipped outside the door. She's movin'. Movin' to the country. There goes the movin' wagon down the shreet with all her furniture them loafers of movers ain't been breakin'. Shure ye kin see her sittin' on the seat if ye hurry." She pointed to a huge red van slowly disappearing round a corner.

"Did she have a typewriter?" the officer asked quickly.

"Yis sir. Ah an' fine did she work it. Like the blue lightnin' could she write, could Elsie. Like—"

But the inspector did not wait to hear the paean of Elsie's praises; he was hustling down the street after the moving-men. He gained a lift from the driver of a passing delivery wagon and rode until the wagon halted before a dingy grocery

in the outskirts of the city. Then as no other convenient vehicle was in sight, he began following the van on foot. Soon it left the smooth, paved streets and began rolling over a country road. Twilight began to fall, a twilight like the day, hot, stifling. The officer kept doggedly on. At last he saw the van halt before a house shadowily outlined in the moonlight. He did not wish to approach until the furniture had been brought inside, and took a seat on a stone, glad of a chance to rest. A light twinkled in the building. He heard the movers jest and curse as they carried now a heavy bed, now a bulky table; then he saw them resume their seats behind the horses and watched the van go rumbling back to the city.

He moved up the path leading to the house and knocked at the door. A young woman answered, a young woman tall, athletic in appearance, clad in a brown traveling dress which closely fitted her lithe body. She drew back at the sight of the newcomer.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"A little talk with you on some very important matters," the officer answered gravely.

Mystified, she let him enter. As he stepped inside, the detective saw that she was not alone: a man whose hair was tinged with gray stood in a corner, unpacking some books. The detective's eyes ran searchingly about the room. A typewriter and some stationery stood on a small table. As the two others watched narrowly he moved toward it, bent, and thrust a sheet of the paper into the machine. He brought his hand to the keyboard. His fingers had pressed only two keys when the woman was upon him. She tugged at his coat, wrenched his arm, scratched at his face with her long nails, desperately trying to drive him away. Her companion came forward menacingly.

The officer did not lose his usual calmness. Coolly he thrust her aside. "I happen to be from the New York Police Department," he murmured. "It isn't wise to resist an officer."

The woman's cheeks flushed a livid scarlet. "You've no right in here!" she screamed as though the fury of her voice might send him into rout. "Get out! Get out!"

The officer bent over the typewriter again. She gripped the carriage so that it could not move.

"I'll not let you write a word! Not a word!" she shouted.

The inspector smiled and jerked the paper out of the roll. "Thanks, I've typed all I need," he said softly. He glanced at what he had written. There were two letters merely, letters forming the word "we." But they were enough. For the first slanting line going to form the *w* was broken sharply in the center in exactly the same fashion as the *w* of the slanderous letter. The same glance showed him that the printed *N* on that letter and the *N* of the New York printed on the date line here were identical. Above the date line was the name of a real estate company which he surmised had employed Miss Darrell as typist. He held the paper to the light; it was watermarked with a tiny anchor. He need search no longer.

Once more the woman's hand darted toward him to snatch the paper away; placidly he folded it twice and thrust it into his pocket. While the woman and her companion stared at him as if spellbound, he stepped to the door and without a further word hurried out into the night. Hurrying to a nearby house where he found a telephone he called Dr. Farquar at the hospital. His conversation was brief, enigmatic. Then he caught a train for Manhattan.

It was almost midnight when he reached the hospital. Miss King greeted him eagerly. "The doctor's told me you found the person who sent the poison," she flashed. "It's such good news that I've been afraid it isn't true. Have you really done it?"

The officer nodded.

"Who is it? Tell me. Tell me quickly please."

"It is someone you know."

Her brilliant blue eyes clouded. "Someone I know?" she repeated haltingly.

"Someone you know very well, Miss King." He tapped his finger mechanically against the arm of his chair. "Someone very well indeed. Because it happens to be yourself."

Fear flashed across her face. Her cheeks paled, her lips quivered. She did not answer but stood rigid, only her long fingers moving as they twisted her handkerchief into a thin hard knot. At length she managed to speak. "I don't know what you mean," she stammered. "Dr. Farquar told me you had found the person who had sent the poison, not that you were coming to accuse and insult [Continued on page 63]

What has become of the Go-Getter? Has he disappeared or has he only changed his manner of approach?

By
James H.
Collins

(Drawings by
Rea Irvin



MIXERS OLD & NEW

THE good old-fashioned mixer, with his checkerboard suit and the latest raw story. Yes, yes! Butting in everywhere, slapping everybody on the back, with his copper-lined stomach and his pocketful of cigars—and getting the business! But that was then. Today, he's as dead as ping-pong. For this is an age of scientific efficiency, you know.

You've heard that said, because it is one of the rock-ribbed beliefs of our business generation.

Tut! Tut!! Tut!!!

I beg leave to represent the mixer, and as his attorney, will endeavor to show: That he isn't dead, because he never died. That his work is smoother than ever, and he is getting the business, because he changed with the times. That much can be learned from him, because the art of mixing is one to be cultivated, both for business and for life.

The old-fashioned mixer invited his prospective customer over to the Silver Dollar Saloon because that was the business club of its day, and he told off-color stories because they were business currency. The new-fashioned mixer entertains at his club, or accepts his prospect's hospitality at golf, and has his fund of inside business information. The background has changed, and the method, but just as many shrewd deals are made by the mixer.

The old-fashioned mixer was by no means as crude as the present generation likes to picture him—naturally, we like to think that we are wonderful improvements on Dad, regular 1928 models. That was an age with fewer business complications. It knew nothing about income tax returns. It made things with one kind of steel instead of a pharmacopoeia of alloys. It went ahead without government regulation, and had no

idea that booze was wrong. Its spirits were high—and yet many a hundred-percenter got the orders without a quota or a drink.

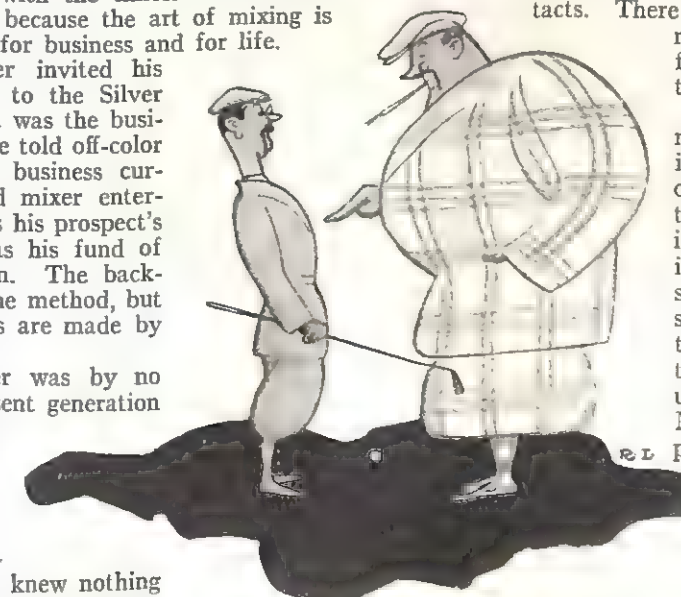
In those days everybody mixed it in business—had to. No giant corporations, no inside telephones, no "What did you wish to see him about?" nor any "He's in a conference." The biggest man in the organization might sit nearest the door.

Nowadays, many an assistant to the assistant to the sixth assistant vice-president has more barriers around him than a Carnegie or Armour in the last generation. And at the same time, mixing is easier, if you're inclined that way. There are the clubs, ranging all the way from downtown lunch to country. There are the booster organizations caricatured in "Babbitt," splendid in their opportunities for wide, quick contacts. There are the fraternal orders, and the business associations, and the chance, change-

ful meetings brought about by business travel.

Figure five hundred minutes in a business day. Suppose you were interviewing a man whose time is paid for at a quarter to a dollar a minute, and worth ten to one thousand dollars a minute in profit to his concern—would you make it snappy? I always feel nervous about such a fellow's time. Yet he will often sit back and gossip, or ask you back to lunch, so he can sit and chat as though no bank, or biscuit factory, or utility company was waiting for its Old Man. He is a mixer, hungry for viewpoints. Mixing is the secret of his big job and bare desk. He mixes so widely that he can pick others to run things, and step in only when they begin running wrong.

I know one executive of this kind who sits in a big office overlooking the East River and settles points of policy for a great corporation. His decisions [Continued on page 56]



The new-fashioned mixer accepts his prospect's hospitality at golf and has a fund of inside business information.



Joe Hatch Joins in a
Man Hunt and Brings the
Law to Heel. And HOW!

By Zack Cartwright

Illustrations by
Harold Von Schmidt

CAESAR'S THINGS GET RENDERED



JOE HATCH heard a vast roaring yell from the west bank of Big Smoky and he set off with the ferry in answer to the summons. He hoped it might be someone he had never met before, some curious and interested stranger who would ask questions and so pull the stopper from Joe's bottled-up conversation. Things had been quiet to dullish just lately around the stopping-house of Alexander Ross where Joe was more or less employed. New faces meant new audiences; and if there could be no fresh exploits in this blamed country, he might at least have the pleasure of recounting past ones.

It was nobody but Athabasca Red, Joe saw with disgust as the ferry grounded on the west bank. And Red was an old and tiresome story to Joe Hatch.

"Travelin'," he inquired, "or are you goin' somewheres?"

"Why, no, I ain't!" explained Red. "I got to thinkin' yes-

terday, or mebbe it was the day before, and I came down to see you about what I was thinkin' about. There's a piece of land alongside mine, and it ain't been filed on yet as I know of. A purtier quarter-section couldn't be had, Joe! Levcl, and mostly clear—a man could break up least a third of it and not cut a brush. I got to thinkin', only just yesterday, maybe you'd like to get yourself a piece of land. So I thought—"

"No you didn't, Red!" Joe objected. "What you did wasn't think, yesterday or ever. This makes over four times you've spoke to me about that dern homestead."

"Is it?" Red's simian countenance wrinkled with the labor of trying to remember.

"Yes. An' I wouldn't have it," Joe Hatch explained, "if you brung it down here. They couldn't anybody run fast enough to give me one! Me homesteadin'! Lissen, Red, I'm gonna explain again all th' reasons why I wouldn't, an' you see if you can't get 'em. I got about ten, an' if you don't ketch on an' quit pesterin' me, I'm gonna do somethin' terrible to you. First off, it's agin my principles! I hate nesters an' drylanders, same as all cattlemen does, f'r fencin' up range. Even if I'm workin' f'r Ross temporary, it's no sign I ain't a cow-puncher, is it?"

"Certainly ain't," Red agreed eagerly. "I bet any old cow, or bull either, would—"

"Next, I don't like settlers f'r neighbors, an' next—"

Joe Hatch went ahead with his next. It appeared that at least nine of his reasons for disliking homesteaders were matters of principle, though just what principle, was not made entirely clear. Athabasca Red attended with painful concentration and when Joe was done he said:

"There's places on this quarter-section where you could mow any amount of hay, Joe. Swamp hay or upland! And just back is the Kleskun Hills which ain't even surveyed for homesteads on account of being rough. Couldn't you run cattle in there?"

They were in midstream then, returning to the eastern side. Joe Hatch indicated the rushing water and took Red threateningly by the arm.

"It looks like I've gotta throw you in, Red! You heard what I said about pesterin' me."

The big man's apprehension was pathetic. He clung to Joe and promised to submit to all manner of dreadful deaths if he offended again. And though he probably could have taken Joe Hatch in his hands and pulled him to fragments he counted it an act of mercy that Joe allowed him to live. The ferry touched shore again and they walked along the road to Ross's stopping-house and supper. Joe Hatch led the way with Athabasca Red mumbling to himself behind. Half-way to the place, Red became coherent.

"There's a nice little creek, Joe, on this land I want to tell you about. Be fine for stock, I should think, in winter!"

Athabasca Red was scarcely bright. That is to say, he had none of the glitter, the facile changeability, of the ordinary mind. But given a single idea, preferably one that had come to him after endless patient gropings in the further recesses of his own somewhat benighted intelligence, and Red would take medals for plain and fancy tenacity. It required something more than ordinary human ingenuity to jar Red loose from a notion once it had found roosting place in his otherwise vacant skull. Only once, in fact, had this been accomplished and the incident had altered the whole course of his life.

Joe Hatch had succeeded in changing a fancy of Red's, though it had all occurred by accident. Joe had merely socked Red, or caused him to be socked, in a substantial manner on top of the head with the propped-up pole of a wagon. Joe's design had been on his own personal safety at the time, rather than on the reclamation of an abandoned character.

But a species of miracle had taken place, apart from Joe's saving his person from damage. For whereas, till then, Red's sole thought had been that he was a big, bad, overbearing ruffian, and noisily proud of it, the result of this fortuitous sock on the head had turned him to the practise of washing his neck, of walking softly before men and singing low. Whether or not the blow had materially stimulated the cerebral processes in Red, he became thenceforth a changed man, a very figure of red-whiskered meekness and humility.

And thereafter anyone could do, or say, much what they pleased to Red with impunity. Except, always, disparaging references to Joe Hatch. Him, Red held in a superstitious awe and it was found to be unhealthful for persons to presume to point out the clay-footedness of his idol. That Joe Hatch, little better than a stripling, had apparently smitten him to a sprawling wreck with one hand, was enough for Red; if greatness did not lie in that, it lay nowhere.

Since his reformation, Red's principal idea had been to do something definitely beneficial for Joe, apart from

standing ready to brain his detractors. This homestead plan was all Red had produced up to the present and it had not come in any rush of inspiration. Red had been working on it for months. As each new argument had come to him during that time, he quit his other occupations to go down to Ross's place and submit it for Joe's consideration. The result had been invariably a scornful rejection. Red was becoming worried. If this failed, he was dubious about being able to devise a substitute. Ideas came hard with him.

It was this unnatural singleness of purpose in Red that drove Joe Hatch to an advanced state of exasperation within an hour after supper. And from sitting on a bench outside the bunk-house door and fighting the mosquitoes off his neck and fighting Red off the subject of homesteading, Joe was in the mood to welcome a diversion when it came. Someone set up a faint distant yelling from the west bank of the river and kept at it with such admirable determination that Joe strolled down to the river for a look. Red went along for company.

"It's after hours, of course," Joe commented. "but anybody yells that long, they want somethin'. Maybe I'll go across an' bawl 'em out, 'n' if they get loud about it, you can chase 'em, uh, Red?"

"Sure!" agreed Red. "I'll make 'em go round! And, Joe, I was just thinkin'; if you did file on that land next to me and wanted to run cattle, why, I got four bulls already! You could use them for a start, couldn't you?"

A man on horseback yelled at them from the western side, three hundred yards or more away. He rode into a patch of sunlight to illuminate the scarlet coat he wore and he alternately flagged his hat and shook a fist at them. It is very probable that he swore, as well.

"It's a Police," affirmed Athabasca Red. "Looks like Fat Schofield, only he don't generally take on that way. What do you s'pose he wants?"

"Sounds kinda like he wanted the ferry. Maybe I better go over an' see."

The constable, Fat Schofield, had dismounted from his well-lathered horse and was prompt to express himself when the ferry reached shore.

"Why in blazes don't you shake a leg when I call you?" he demanded of Joe Hatch. "Think I was just practising my scales? Never mind answerin'! I've got more on my mind than fraternizing with civvies. This is serious! If that man gets past here and we have to warn headquarters he's loose, the devil's going to be to pay. An' I'll get the bill! Old Corp has already used language on me. Stuff I hadn't heard since I was a recruit. Corp'll bust his collar in about another day of this. Has anybody gone down the river this afternoon? In a dug-out or on a raft?"

"I ain't seen anybody," Joe declared. "Course I only made two three trips, but I didn't see any boats."

"You wouldn't! It's a blasted pity you couldn't stay out here where you'd see things! Is Ross home?"

"No," Joe answered shortly, "he ain't!"



"Lemme see him," Joe begged. Then the face of a swarthy man rose up with Red's hand clutched round his neck.



"Lemme explain what I figgered—" Joe began. "Dry up!" ordered the sergeant. "You're under arrest!"

Schofield glared upstream and down, even giving a glance of special animosity to the welter of green scrub that covered the rise of banks on either side. He swore openly, with feeling, and betrayed in his features the utmost of agitation that a fat man's face may show. Athabasca Red looked at Joe Hatch and said quite sincerely:

"I bet something's happened!"

A great plenty had happened, the constable admitted. Though how anybody, even a Mounted Policeman, could be expected to think of a miserable half-breed whittling his way out of the strong-room, was beyond him! The old Corp was simply running a fever over it and going on about returning Fat to headquarters for trial since he let the breed keep a knife to shave up smoking plug with.

Fisher, the breed's name was, and they were holding him for escort to Grouard and a six-months lagging over beating up an Injun family at Flying Shot. He whittled a hole right through the floor and crawled out! Course they got word to the Lake Saskatoon detachment right off, and Sergeant Reynolds posted a man to watch the trail over the Saddle Mountains. But if anybody thought this half-breed wasn't nerry, they could guess again. He snuck up and stole that constable's horse and rode it clear back to the Flying Shot before they heard of it.

None of which was funny, in the opinion of Fat Schofield. At the least he would get a reprimand, published in orders. And if the breed got away from Grande Prairie, so headquarters had to be notified, it meant maybe a term in confinement and the rest of his enlistment doing stable fatigue at the depot back in Regina. It mustn't happen!

"You got a gun of any kind?" he demanded of Joe.

"Sure! I got a Colt .45, single action, with a ten inch barrel an' ivory handles," Joe recited eagerly.

The constable Schofield replied that it could be a Massey-Harris with rubber tires for all he cared. "Will it shoot?"

"Shoot? I'll tell a man it will!"

"Good!" said Fat. "Mind you don't shoot anybody with it. What I want is noise! Now here's what you are to do—"

The fugitive half-breed, Fisher, had been tracked from the Flying Shot, where he created a panic among the Indian families, toward the Wapiti river. Indications led the Police to believe he had stolen a dug-out and set off downstream an hour before they arrived. Two Indian lads had, in fact, sworn that they saw him do so, and this was held to be tolerably good evidence.

"Sergeant Reynolds sent two men and some trackers down the river in dug-outs after him. Me and the Corp and two others lammed it down this way. They're watching the mouth of the Wapiti—that's about six miles above here I guess—to see that he don't turn up Big Smoky or cross and take to the

woods on the east side. I'm certainly ruined if he does that!

"Now I got to beat it up there and help cover that strip and you got to watch out here. The sun won't be down for three hours or better, so you watch hard. Chances are he'll try to sneak along with his dug-out close to the west bank where there's shadows. I'll be back here by dark and if you hear any shots upstream you'll know he's coming."

"I'll get him!" Joe Hatch announced. "If he comes by here, I'll take him f'r you."

"You listen," Fat admonished, "and don't get heroical. Take the ferry back to the east side and stay there! Understand? Stay there with the ferry! What I want is for you to fire this field-gun you got and scare him off the river. On this side, remember! Tag him back on to Grande Prairie and we'll run him down in time! Just get behind a tree and blast away, if you see him, but don't shoot too close. This is no killin' affair unless he gets outside and in that case I'll get the same as shot. Understand?"

"Sure!"

"Now you look like a smart lad and this is a swell chance for you to do something. Do just what I've said! Probably Red, here, can at least help you look, and I'll be back before dark. The two of you ought to be enough, if—"

"That's all right!" Joe interrupted. "Red won't be no help to me, but I'm aplenty just by myself."

The constable Fat Schofield said that he doubted it. "But see that you do as you're told!" he repeated. "This Fisher's got at least one rifle and he might shoot if you give him too good a chance."

He mounted at that and rode hurriedly off to inspect his other defences. Joe Hatch stood looking after him and marveling at the fantastic turn of his luck. When he was just thinking that nothing important was ever going to happen to him again! A job of sheriffing! And practically begging for him to do it. Though it was a cinch that the Fat Mounty had no idea who he was talking to all the time. Do as he was told! Why, Goddall-fishhooks, hadn't his own Uncle Ab, practically detected out a murder back home once, after the regular sheriffs had give up? Rode his pacing stallion so hard he got the lifts hunting up evidence and came near as peas to hanging a man just taking testimony off him! And Uncle Ab was his own uncle!

Athabasca Red had been present and heard every word Fat Schofield uttered. The inflections of Fat's speech—the gestures and expression that accompanied it, were, in addition, all perfectly visible to him. But when the constable Fat had gone Red continued to wear the same scowl of perplexity he had worn throughout the interview.

"What was the matter with him?" Red asked.

"Nothin' at all!" Joe declared. He was suddenly elated that being with Red was as good as being alone; that Red was born a dumb-head and had never got any better. This was the kind of job for a man to swing single-handed. Except, maybe for a little common labor as assistance from Red.

"I didn't think it was anything, either," Red agreed. "Police try to get funny. Say, Joe, you wouldn't have to lose your job here with Ross, if you was to file on that homestead. Remember; the one I was speaking about. You could easy ride up there once a week durin' summers and call it having your residence thereon, like it says on the paper. Who'd care? Besides I'd be one witness when you go to prove up and old Nordstrum and his boys could be another. Two's all you need. And—"

"Dry up!" Joe requested. "I've got to think up one more point about what I'm gonna do. Look here, Red, you see this cable stretchin' across the river between the towers on each side? This cable the ferry's tied to by ropes on them two wheels."

"Sure," said Red.

"Well now listen; I'm goin' back across in the row boat. You keep an eye on the river an' if anybody comes down in a dug-out, you be right here on the ferry and start yellin' an' makin' a racket, understand?"

"Certainly! I'll yell like this: Hoo-waa-hoo!—and get two boards and bang 'em together!"

"Fine! I'll climb up on the tower over yonder and if I see him first, I'll just pound on the cable with something so you'll hear it. Then you yell! That'll shoo him across, see, an' I'll be awaitin' with m' gun. Understand?"

JOE repeated his instructions and made Red rehearse his yell and the clamor to be raised on Joe's signal. Red scowled from the fixity of his attention to these details and his physiognomy at least exhibited no indication that he failed to comprehend them. As Joe got in the row boat to return to the east side, Red motioned him to stop.

"Joe! Look, I just thought of something while we were talking a minute ago. I could get out the logs and build you a house up there on that land if you really decided to homestead next to me! Be glad to do it and not charge you a cent. And Joe, we'd—"

Now if Joe Hatch had been only a little less under the influence of his own imagination at the time, he doubtless would have realized that Athabasca Red was a very unstable support to his plan. For Joe had a plan, be it understood, whereby he expected to add certain cubits to the stature of his reputation; to emerge, as it were, from the rank of supernumeraries and stand forth in the spotlight alone. Nor had this plan anything to do with following the instructions given him by the fat constable of Mounted Police.

Within the next twenty minutes Joe had rowed back to the eastern side of the river and completed the preparations for what he eagerly hoped would be one of the major incidents in his life. His brown horse was saddled and tied a few rods back from the river. If things broke exactly right, Joe aimed to capture his man with all the approved trimmings of authority on horseback; the clattering rush of hoofs, the sudden reining to a halt with his gun in upraised hand, ready to throw it down with fatal accuracy if there was the least hesitation in the breed's surrender. He climbed the tower supporting the ferry cable with a momentary regret that he had forgotten to put on his spurs.

This cable tower had been designed by an unimaginative Department of Public Works for the sole purpose of propping the stretch of cable clear of the water. It was never considered as the pedestal for a piece of living statuary typifying the alert, aggressive spirit of the true frontiersman. But Joe managed it by standing upright on the cross-beams, one hand on the butt of his mighty pistol, and staring keenly up the river. For the time being he wouldn't have cared a bit if there had been people on the ground watching. The idea of a man like him wasting his life on a homestead!

But presently he wearied of the posture and sat down. In a half-hour, he was becoming anxious and fearful lest the half-breed had traitorously exposed himself to the Police party waiting upstream and been captured. When another hour had passed Joe was fidgety with disgust.

At nine-thirty the sun was still shining strong on the higher levels but the great canyon-like banks of Big Smoky had begun

to cast heavy shadows over the river. Joe had voted the whole thing a windy and was preparing to descend when the shooting started; two muffled detonations sounded far upstream above him. Joe was up on the instant, feeling for the handle of his gun and informally asking God for a reasonable extension of daylight. When, some minutes later, a brief rapid burst of pistol-fire sounded again and much closer, Joe was near to falling off his perch in sheer excitement.

The shadow had by now well-nigh obscured the ferry and the opposite tower from his sight. But Red, good old Red, would have heard the shots and made ready with his yell. Joe edged across the beams and prepared to signal on the taut cable by striking it with the hand-axe he had fetched with him for that purpose. Such fragments of his native intelligence as remained to Joe prompted him to keep his eyes fixed on the single narrow strip of sunlight that fell across the river some hundreds of yards above him.

And across the yellowed strip he presently saw an object glide—a low dark body that might well have passed for a length of drifting log had Joe's mind not been filled with thoughts of a swarthy half-breed crouched in a dug-out canoe. It entered the concealing shadows close to the farther shore and Joe meant to allow at least two minutes before turning in his alarm to Red. That should time it just about right to send the fugitive scooting across to the eastern bank for safety. And Joe was to furnish that part.

He did, in fact, wait at least thirty seconds before striking sharply on the cable with his hand-axe; three ringing, whanging calls that swept the warning across to his ally. Joe listened, breathlessly expectant, and so heard every bit of the perfect silence that followed after. But there were distinctly no "hoo-waa-hoo" yells or sounds of boards being banged together.

Joe gripped his axe, pounded again and listened. Thereafter he pounded feverishly as if foreknowing Red's failure to respond with suitable outcry. He glared toward the vague outline of the ferry at the opposite side and said bitter, unprintable things about dumb steers that called themselves men. And finally, in a burst of important rage at this betrayal, hurled the hand-axe to the rock-strewn beach below him, drew the gun, Betsy, from the top of his trousers and fired her twice in the general direction of Athabasca Red's last known address.

He was in no sense philosophical, was Joe Hatch, and in addition to the pain and chagrin he suffered through the dereliction of his assistant, he stuck splinters into tender parts of his anatomy as he hitched himself across to the ladder. It was probably the irritation of these latter that moved him to fire his loud-mouthed weapon again as he descended and to empty the remaining chambers as he rushed toward his boat.

FOR Joe Hatch had gone into action. His intentions were probably somewhat scrambled but there was certainly present the determination to come to grips with the occasion and salvage what remained of a splendid personal opportunity. He exclaimed aloud that he would drown some cussed skunk but whether he referred to Red or the fugitive half-breed, is uncertain. Probably either of them would have been in some danger at meeting Joe in the state of acute exasperation that had claimed him.

He cast off in the boat and commenced rowing. As a boatman Joe Hatch was a fairly competent cow-hand; he had only touched the edge of the sweeping current before he discovered that he was forcing the boat to travel with her blunt stern end ahead. It was no trouble for him to change this, but while it was being done the current had carried him fifty yards down stream.

Then there was an oar that loved best to work with its blade flatwise to the surface of the water. It moved more freely in this position but it contributed nothing to Joe's peace of mind, for it twisted flat during one of his desperate strokes and leaping out of the water, came near to causing him to row himself out of the boat.

The result of this eccentric behavior of his oar was that Joe lost a hundred yards or so of distance in his crossing. And so distraught and anxious was he over this delay that he failed entirely to see an empty Indian dug-out that floated past him in the shadows of the western side. He rowed feverishly back up to the ferry, once he had cleared the current, and had already decided that his next best move was to get the ferry across to where the fat constable had told him to leave it. Fat would be coming back any minute. [Continued on page 54]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



EDITORIALS

SHOW THE SHRINE SPIRIT OF KINDLINESS BY COMMENDING GOOD SERVICE IN PUBLIC OFFICIALS

THE spirit of Shrine initiations is iconoclastic; the proud and lofty in spirit are indeed brought low, and dignity receives its comeuppance. But back of it all is a kindness which is good for the immortal soul.

The same spirit which makes the degree team insist that an eminent citizen who takes himself seriously shall roll a peanut across the stage with his aristocratic nose, makes the men who perpetrate such jokes also insist that the careless fellow shall come across with a little money every year to support our hospitals for crippled children.

It is all a spirit of good natured kindness. With this thought in mind it might be well if each of us as a Shriner reminded himself that at times we are forgetful of our duty of kindness.

In every city in North America are hundreds of public servants who rarely if ever hear a word of approval. Ask any city manager or policeman, any fireman or alderman, any postmaster or mayor, any public official of any kind, how the letters, telephone calls or personal words of approval compare with the complaints which reach his office.

Commendation of good service rendered to those in public life is the most practical and effective method of improving the service.

That Shriner who avails himself of frequent opportunities to express his appreciation, adds to his own happiness as well as to that of the official he commends.

THE SHRINE HAS TWO BRANCHES: MAN'S WORK IS NOISY, GOD'S WORK IS SILENT

WE learn from the Bible that in the building of King Solomon's Temple there was not heard the sound of axe, hammer nor any tool of iron. It must have seemed almost uncanny to see that magnificent structure rise stone on stone and arch on arch with absolutely no noise.

Those of us who are city bred are used to hearing the squeak of winches, the whine of donkey engines, the shrill rat-a-tat of steel riveter and the crash of hammers and other tools in the erection of buildings. How odd the silent erection of this structure must have been.

But this was God's work. God's work is always done in silence. There is no noise when the tiny shoot breaks through the soil, no noise when an acorn sprouts into an oak. All through the life of the great tree it attains its growth in silence. Only the sound of the ringing axe in the hands of men marks its passing.

The sun rises, the moon sails across the heavens, the stars

follow their allotted orbits, the tides rise and fall; all the work of Allah's hands is done silently and without the blare of trumpets. Man's work is noisy; God's work is silent.

The Shrine has two branches: man's work and Allah's work. Man's work is gloriously noisy. Band's blare, Chanters sing, bass drums beat, marching men thump, thump, thump, explosions take place, gongs beat, saxophones and other orchestral torments whine. The whole of man's work of the Shrine is as noisy as a yard full of school children at play. Thus it should ever be.

But the other part of Shrine work is silent. This is the God inspired work of the Nobility among crippled children. Our hospitals are silent, as was the building of King Solomon's Temple. All over the country are erect little children who once sidled across the street crab-like, silent works of God. All over the country fathers and mothers with tear stained faces watch little ones in the silent hospitals. They will change these tears to smiles when we restore the broken and twisted little bodies, mended to their aching arms. But those smiles will be silent smiles; the deepest ones always are.

Let our brass drums pound, let our musettes' shrill notes ring out, driving fear into the heart of the unregenerate son of the desert, for it's good for what ails him. The really big work of the Shrine is that building of human bodies in the Shrine Hospitals for Crippled Children, silent work, God's work!

THE SHRINE IS THE GOLDEN RIVET SYMBOLIZING THE SENTIMENT OF THE WHOLE MASONIC STRUCTURE

A GREAT trust company in New York recently erected a huge home of steel and stone. When the massive steel skeleton which was to hold the whole together was finished, the last rivet was driven by the president of the company. It was of solid gold, symbolizing the sentiment of the structure. Thousands of steel rivets, driven by the horny hands of the structural steel workmen, really held the building safe against the storms and winds of the future. Yet even this bit of gold played its part in the structure in addition to its sentimental value. It, too, will bear its bit of stress and strain.

Masonry builds its structure in the hearts and minds of men. It builds for a better citizenship, a better fatherhood and a better morality. In the fundamental bodies of Masonry the steel rivets of fellowship and brotherhood are driven white-hot in the lives of the men who are bound one to another by the Mystic Tie. It has builded longer and better than any other organization in the history of the world. It is erected on the foundation solid beyond compare.

As the final golden rivet of sentimentality, the Shrine has driven its charm into this wonderful structure. It is truly a rivet of sentiment, a golden rivet at the top of this wonderful building erected by Masons. Who shall say that its hospitals for crippled children have not tied more firmly the structure as a whole and in time of stress would not add its strength to that of the steel rivets of Masonry?

With the Imperial Potentate



(Left) Noble Jones's dialect stories made a hit at the Portland, Ore., Unit.

(The Imperial Potentate fraternizing with the little patients at Spokane Mobile Unit.



IN ROUNDING out the August portion of his second official itinerary Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones visited Tebala, Al Koran and Osiris Temples. At each of these gatherings, and at virtually all the subsequent ones in September, he emphasized the need of more hospitals for crippled children.

Potentate J. B. Whitehead and the Divan of Tebala met the Imperial upon his arrival in Rockford, Illinois, on August 23rd. An elaborate luncheon was served at the Rockford Country Club in his honor and the latter part of the afternoon was given over to sight seeing and motor jaunts, also participated in by Mrs. Jones and Frank C. Jones, Jr.

In the evening there was a banquet in the Hotel Nelson, with Potentate Whitehead as toastmaster and the Imperial delivering the principal address. The address of welcome was by Burt M. Allen, Mayor of Rockford, with fraternal and civic greetings in addition from Hon. John T. Buckbee, Member of Congress, both of whom are Past Potentates of Tebala.

On August 28th Al Koran Temple of Cleveland, Ohio, set a very high mark in the matter of entertaining Imperial Potentates. When he arrived with Noble John F. Gerschow of Moslem Temple, in Detroit, the Imperial was welcomed by Potentate A. H. Fiebach, Chief Rabban George L. Williams and others, who escorted him to the Hollender Hotel. Later, escorted by Noble Frank S. Harmon, Scottish Rite Deputy of the Supreme Council for Ohio, he went to Western University for a conference with Noble Robert E. Vinson, president of the University.

He inspected the \$30,000,000 hospital group being built there, and then went out Mayfield Road to the Rainbow Hospital for Crippled Children, an adjunct of the university hospitals. There, also, a new building has been put up, at a cost of \$650,000. Al Koran has given it \$5,000 for a small but adequate swimming tank.

Luncheon in his honor was held in the Union Club, where virtually all Masonic leaders of Ohio renewed contacts with him. Then he gave a radio talk about the hospitals over station WTAM, followed by newspaper interviews. At 5:30 P. M. he received a delegation from Zenobia Temple of Toledo, lead by Potentate Fred N. Goosman. Dinner was served in the Canterbury Golf Club, where Past Potentate Robert A. Bishop, in behalf of Al Koran, presented him with a beautiful Kerminshah rug. Later in the night there was a buffet supper and entertainment in his hotel.

The next day 250 members of the Temple's uniformed

bodies constituted a special escort for the Imperial Potentate to East Liverpool, Ohio. In the course of the three-hour trip he went through all cars and personally greeted every Noble. General Passenger Agent J. K. Dillon of the Pennsylvania Railroad was luncheon host en route.

After the official Shrine welcome in East Liverpool the party went to the Masonic Temple for luncheon. Then the Imperial and his retinue participated in the big street parade and went in the van of the trek across the Ohio River to Chester, West Virginia, to witness the mammoth Ceremonial of Al Koran, assisted by Osiris and Syria Temples, as described at length elsewhere in this issue.

The Imperial Potentate was also the special guest of Osiris Temple the next night in Wheeling. He urged the members to build a hospital to care for the crippled children living in its jurisdiction. He paid a tribute to the late W. W. Irwin, Past Imperial Potentate, and to Dr. O. W. Burdats, who was ill in Atlantic City.

A hurried trip was made to Pittsburgh, where he visited Imperial Treasurer W. S. Brown, who died a week later.

On September 14th the Imperial Potentate went to Buffalo and received a rousing greeting from Potentate Rowe and hundreds of other members of Ismailia. It was declared ladies' day as well, and they were well represented at the luncheon given in his honor in the Statler Hotel. He was escorted to the hotel by the Legion of Honor, Patrol, Band, and Drum Corps. Potentate Rowe introduced the Imperial, who made the principal address, devoted mostly to the hospital projects. The afternoon was spent at Niagara Falls and was followed by an evening reception.

The next day the Imperial Potentate entered Rochester, New York, escorted by Imperial Chief Rabban Fletcher. Dr. Wiley H. Wilson, Acting Potentate, was in command of the Damascus Temple delegation which met the party at the station. A sumptuous luncheon was served at Powers Hotel, and later in the day came a clambake at Bay View, annual affair of Damascus. Among the prominent visitors during the festivities in Rochester were Past Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, Potentate Rowe of Ismailia and Potentate Albert H. Fiebach of Al Koran Temple.

The Imperial's itinerary called for subsequent visits to Media, Cyprus, Oriental, Melha, Palestine, Aleppo, Kora, Anah, Philae, Luxor, Karnak, Cairo, Mt. Sinai, Bektash Sphinx and Pyramid Temples in a tour of New York, New England, New Brunswick and Quebec.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



BELIEVE I am the world's champion table d'hôte.

Some people can take their table d'hôte or leave it alone but with me table d'hôtes are chronic. If there had been a table d'hôte contest at the Olympic Games I could have won it for America. That is, if I had not been barred for professionalism. But the gastronomic eccentricities of an old Past Potentate are of little interest to any save himself and his physician.

But I know a table d'hôte place here in Washington which is run by a man and his wife. Monsieur presides over the kitchen and he wields a wicked skillet. Madame sits at the cash desk, wielding a wicked lead pencil on dinner checks. Thus they look after the two important ends of the table d'hôte emporium. It is as prosperous as its patrons are obese.

I generally stop to chat with Madame when I pay my check. One evening recently a belligerent lady objected to an extra charge. Madame had a hard time soothing her ruffled feathers while getting the money. As the irate one left Madame remarked to me:

"Zat woman is such a cats! She always have ze ship on ze shouldare!"

I know a lot of men like Madame's customer. They go through life with underjaw forward, fists clinched and a chip on the shoulder. Poor birds! They never knock the chips off themselves; they look for some other fellow to do the dirty work.

It's a funny old world, anyway. Not only funny but nice. Every man, woman, child and saxophone player gets out of it exactly what he is looking for. It is the most accommodating world I ever lived in. I find it wonderful. But many men find less pleasant things than Shriners do!

Did you ever know a man who carried a pistol who didn't get into a shooting scrape? Lots of people in my home town down south "toted guns." Homicides were common in those

days. They found what they looked for. A lot of good it did them when they found it.

I have known several peaceable men who took up boxing as a means of exercise. They all got into street fights after they had boxed for a while. They were looking for a fight and this dear old world accommodated them, as it always does.

If every Shriner learned the Noble's lesson to look for something to laugh at, they would go gurgling through life like a fat baby loving everybody and being loved by everybody.

A legend tells of an ancient Eastern king who directed a famous botanist to examine and make a list of all the plants growing within the boundaries of his domain. In due time the botanist returned to report the result of his labors; a long list of flowers. The king asked, "But did you find no weeds?"

"None, Sire. All are beautiful flowers," was the reply. To find the weeds the king called another botanist charging him to list all the plants in the kingdom. He, too, in time reported a long list of plants, all weeds.

"What? Are there no flowers in my kingdom?" asked the king.

"None, Sire!" was the reply, "All are weeds." One finds what he looks for. The result of his quest is likely to conform to his preconceived views.

The lady with whom Madame had her controversy had the proverbial chip on her shoulder. She walked looking for some one to knock it off so she could have a row. How much nicer both for her and the rest of the world if she had knocked off her own chip and gone through life fightless.

You know some fellow always expecting some one to impose on him? Never have you seen one of these fail in his search! As we can find something to get sore about or something to be happy about, isn't it a lot more sense to join in the happiness search rather than to seek for trouble?

The first verse of the first chapter of the Gospel of Common Sense reads, "Verily, he that hath a chip on his shoulder shall have it knocked off!" When the [Continued on page 64]



NOBLE L. P. STEUART
*Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.*

Noble Leonard P. Steuart is a Past Potentate of Almas and now Imperial Marshal of the Mystic Shrine.

In 1914 he was made Master of Centennial Lodge No. 14. Three years later he became Treasurer thereof, and has held that post for eleven years. He is affiliated with Lafayette Chapter No. 5, R. A. M.; Adoniram Council No. 2, R. and S. M.; Orient Commandery No. 5, K. T.; Albert Pike Consistory No. 1, S. R. He also belongs to Kallipolis Grotto No. 15, and Washington Centennial Chapter, O. E. S., of which he was Patron in 1920-21.

He was created a Noble of the Mystic Shrine on November 8th, 1917; Chief Rabban, 1920-21; Potentate, 1922-23. Being elected a Representative to the Imperial Council in 1920, he has served continuously ever since. He was chosen by Almas to be chairman of the executive committee for the Imperial Council session in Washington in 1923, a most notable and successful convention.

This Imperial Sir is well known throughout the Craft and Shrinedom as a most effective organizer.



NOBLE D. S. WILLIAMS
*Kora Temple
Lewiston, Maine*

Noble Dana Scott Williams, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master of the Mystic Shrine, has been in Masonry 26 years, having been raised by Rabboni Lodge No. 150, of Lewiston, on January 1st, 1902. A few years later he became a member of Kora Temple, working up in the Divan to the post of Potentate.

He was born in Lewiston on September 23rd, 1878, graduating from the Law Department of the University of Maine with the degree of LL.B. in 1900, and admitted to the bar at the age of 21. He has practised ever since in his home town. In 1910 he married Juanita D. Porter.

In addition to becoming Master of his Lodge five years after being admitted, Noble Williams served two terms. In the meantime he had gone through all the grades of the York and Scottish Rites. He was Eminent Commander of Lewiston Commandery No. 6 in 1916, two years later becoming Grand Sword Bearer of the Grand Commandery of Maine, and Grand Commander eight years later. He has held office in the Scottish Rite. For seven years he was Most Puissant Sovereign, Eusebious Conclave No. 3, Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine; Past Grand High Prelate of the Grand Imperial Council of the same for the State of Maine.

For 12 years he has been a member of the Imperial Council of the Shrine, serving several years as Chairman of the Imperial Committee of Dispensations and Charters.



NOBLE L. P. NEWBY
*Murat Temple
Indianapolis, Ind.*

Noble Leonidas P. Newby is the man who, in behalf of the Knights Templar of America, assembled and adopted 500 little French war orphans. One recognition for this feat was the act of the French Government in making him an Officer of the Legion of Honor. Also, since then he has served as Grand Master of the Grand Encampment.

K. T., of the United States and its possessions, Cuba and



Mexico, his years being from April of 1922 to August of 1925. In the Scottish Rite he is a 33° of Italy. The degree of Knight Commander of the Great Priory of England and Wales was conferred upon him by the Duke of Connaught. Twice he was Sovereign of St. James Chapter No. 16, Knights of Constantine, in Indianapolis.

For 36 years Noble Newby has been a Shriner and in the past has served as a Murat Representative to the Imperial Council.

Judge Newby is also distinguished in civil life. He was born in Henry County, Indiana, on April 9, 1856 and admitted to the bar in 1879, beginning practise in Knightstown, where he still resides. In 1876 he married Mary Elizabeth Breckenridge and their children are Mrs. Floss Cooper and Floyd J. Newby. He has been District Attorney and Circuit Judge, and served 12 years in the Indiana State Senate. He is president of the Citizens National Bank of Knightstown, Indiana.



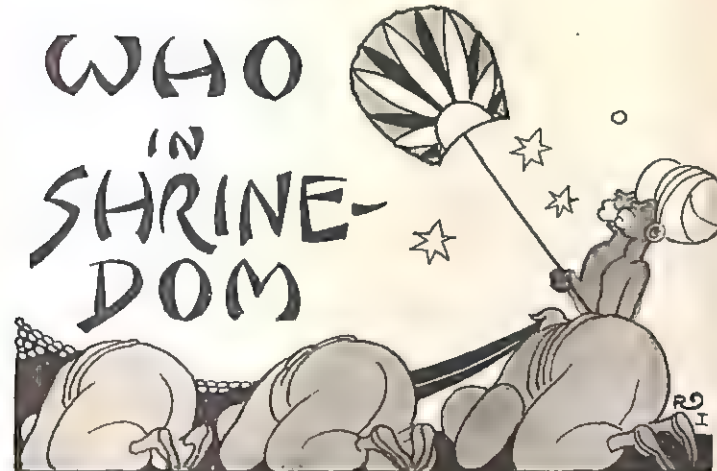
NOBLE T. G. FITCH
*Midian Temple
Wichita, Kansas*

Colonel Thomas Geyer Fitch, Past Potentate of Midian and a Representative to the Imperial Council, was born on April 9th, 1861, in Bristol County, Maine. As a youth he went west, becoming an LL.B., University of Michigan, in 1882, finally settling in Wichita at the age of 26 as an investment company official and general manager of the city's street railway company. He was Postmaster of Wichita, 1894-98. Having been an officer in the Illinois and Kansas National Guards, he was Colonel of a Kansas infantry regiment in the Spanish-American War.

For the past 25 years he has been president of the Western Pacific Tea Company, operating a chain of stores in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. He was married in 1887 to Mrs. E. J. Geohagan of Chicago, and their child is now Mrs. W. P. Buck of Wichita.

Noble Fitch was raised as a Master Mason by Wichita Lodge No. 99 in 1890 and rapidly passed through the York and Scottish Rites. In the latter he became a K. C. C. H. in 1895, a 33° honorary in 1897 and 33° active twenty years later. He has been the head of most of the subordinate bodies in both Rites; Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of Kansas, Grand Master of Kansas, A. F. & A. M., and, of course, Master of his Blue Lodge, Albert Pike Lodge No. 303 of Wichita.

He has been honored by the Scottish Rite Supreme Councils of Italy and the Republic of Colombia. He has been on the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine since 1911 and is an honorary life member. For 31 years he has been a director of the Kansas Masonic Home in Wichita.



NOBLE F. C. PATTON
*Tangier Temple
Omaha, Nebraska*

Noble Frank Cargill Patton, 33°, Sovereign Grand Inspector General in Nebraska for the Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite, was born in Hattisville, Pennsylvania, on December 18th, 1871, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. Subsequently his father held pastorates in the west, and in the early nineties Frank was employed by the Richardson Drug Company of Omaha, of which later he became treasurer and vice-president. He is now vice-president of the Churchill Drug Company, wholesale distributors.

He was made a Master Mason by Covert Lodge No. 11 in Omaha in 1910, receiving the Scottish Rite degrees late in the same year. The next year he was elected Master of Mt. Moriah Lodge of Perfection and in 1913 he became a K. C. C. H. and in 1915 an Inspector General Honorary (33°).

As a member of the Supreme Council he has served on the finance, foreign relations and other Scottish Rite committees. The marked success of the Omaha sessions of the Supreme Council in 1926 was due to him in a great measure. In 1911 Noble Patton joined the Shrine and the Knights Templar, and for several years has been a Tangier Representative to the Imperial Council. In 1915 he received the degree of the Royal Order of Scotland, and he belongs to Cœur de Lion Conclave No. 10, Red Cross of Constantine.



NOBLE G. F. OLENDORF
*Abou Ben Adhem Temple
Springfield, Missouri*

George is a permanent member of the Imperial Council and is Chairman of the Committee on Charters and Dispensations. He is the Noble all aspirants for new temples must see and convince. In the 17 years of his membership in the Imperial Council he has served effectively on several committees.

Noble Olendorf was born in 1875 and has had a long and very useful career in Masonry. He was created a Shriner by Moila Temple, in St. Joseph, Missouri, 31 years ago, at the early age of 22. Working up through the ranks of Abou Ben Adhem, to which he demitted, he became Illustrious Potentate. He served eight years as Director of Work. Since leaving the Divan he has continued to be active, working on several committees from time to time, and also has been one of the Building Trustees for five years.

His hobbies are Shrinedom and his extensive lake estate in the Ozarks. His boundless hospitality is proverbial in that region. The more who come the better he and Mrs. Olendorf like it. They have so many visitors that they built a dormitory for the overflow. No Cavalier couple of colonial days could have been more royal host and hostess than the Squire and Dame of Olendorf Lodge.

NOBLE HUGH M. TATE
*Kerbela Temple
Knoxville, Tenn.*



Noble Tate is a Past Potentate of Kerbela and a Representative in the Imperial Council, where he has served for 12 years. He is Chairman of the Necrology Committee, and on the Committee on Jurisprudence and Laws. His year at the head of Kerbela was 1926, which Temple he joined in 1905.

Judge Tate was born in Morristown, Tennessee, on September 15th, 1882. He is a graduate of the University of Tennessee, A.B. and LL.B. Practising in Morristown several years, he became City Attorney and later County Attorney. In 1909 he moved to Knoxville, practising there ever since, except when serving as a Judge in the 11th Chancery Division of Tennessee. Although elected for a term of eight years, he resigned after two years to reenter private practise, in which he is a member of Cates, Smith, Tate and Long.

In 1917 he was president of the University of Tennessee Alumni Association, the year in which it received its first \$1,000,000 appropriation from the State General Assembly. He was president of the Knoxville Chamber of Commerce in 1918, and is past president of the Tennessee Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

Noble Tate is Past Master of the Morristown Lodge, and belongs to Knights Templar, Scottish Rite, Red Cross of Constantine and Jesters in Knoxville.

On October 22nd, 1910, he married Miss Clara Hill of Morristown. They have four boys and two girls.

NOBLE JOHN P. SAUL, JR.
*Kazim Temple
Roanoke, Va.*



Noble Saul is Potentate of Kazim this year. He is a promising young lawyer and was born in Cambria, Va., on February 1, 1890, and attended the various schools necessary to turn out a good lawyer. His Masonic record is as follows:

Taylor Lodge No. 23, Salem, Va.; D. C. Shanks Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, Salem; Bayard Commandery, Knights Templar No. 15, of Roanoke, Virginia.

We are informed by Johnnie Cullen, Recorder, that Potentate Saul keeps fairly busy with these outside connections, in addition to his Masonic and Shrine duties:

Counsel and director, Farmers National Bank of Salem; attorney for Potomac Land Bank, Washington, D. C.; Dixie Finance Corporation, Roanoke; Shenandoah Life Insurance Company, Roanoke; R. C. Bowman & Co., Inc., Salem; vice-president and general counsel, H. C. Baker Company, Roanoke; vice-president and counsel, Graham, White, Sander Corporation, Roanoke; treasurer and counsel, Salem Steam Laundry Company, Salem.

Noble Saul is also chairman of the Roanoke County Democratic Committee, secretary of the Sixth Virginia Democratic Congressional Committee, member of the Virginia State Democratic Committee, member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Roanoke Country Club and Shenandoah Club of Roanoke.

What the HOSPITALS Are Doing



(Almost a hopeless infantile case, this child will walk without braces.

(Here's an interesting mixture of nationalities—Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese and Filipino—all being made well at Honolulu Unit of the Shriners Hospital.

(Suffering from burns this child's arm healed to his body and had to be separated.

FAR out in the Pacific Ocean the Mystic Shrine carries forward its crusade in behalf of impoverished crippled children. In Honolulu, the "crossroads of the world," flourishes the Order's first mobile unit, established in 1923. All races of the Pacific littoral reside there, and for them, without distinction of race, creed or color, the Shrine medical and nursing staffs and individual Nobles toil and plan just as effectively as is done for American children in the ten hospitals and four mobile units maintained in the United States and Canada.

So this month we introduce to the Nobility for the first time some of their little Hawaiian constituents. Scan their photographs and note that they are prepared not only to allure with Aloha and smile with Nihale but to laugh with the entire Nobility at the drop of the hat.

Ladies always being first, meet little Victoria, a Spanish-Hawaiian. She is encased almost like the Man in the Iron Mask. But she is rosy and happy, knowing that she is not in prison straps, but surgical supports that are leading to the freedom of health. This little patient was a pronounced infantile paralysis case, and at first it was doubtful that she would ever walk, but now it seems certain that she will, and without braces.

Next we see a quartette of happy Rotarians-Kiwanians, being, left to right in the picture, a Hawaiian, a Chinese, a Japanese and a Filipino. Just since this picture was taken a few weeks ago word has come to this column that "all are O. K. now."

The young man holding his arms out gingerly to port and starboard seems poised for a little race, despite one bandaged twig. It is difficult to reconcile his quizzical and debonair expression with the agony he suffered when the entire right side of his body was terribly burned in infancy. He is a native Hawaiian. The right arm healed stuck to his body, and had to be separated. This delicate operation and the extensive skin grafting was done by Dr. Craig.

More than a thousand children have been treated in this busy little unit, including Americans. Dr. A. L. Craig is Chief Surgeon, and Miss Frances A. Page, R. N., is superintendent. The Chairman of the Board

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of August, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	294
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	258
Number of beds occupied by patients	809
Number on waiting list.....	1776

of Governors is Noble Harry N. Denison (Uncle Harry to the children). Other members are Nobles Kirk B. Porter, Vice-Chairman; Hugh B. Spencer, Secretary; Lawrence M. Judd, Past Imperial Potentate; J. S. McCandless (Sunny Jim), John A. Young (Uncle Jack), Harry S. Hayward, Guy H. Buttolph, Charles G. Heiser.

At the request of The Shrine Magazine, Noble Denison has sent the following statement on the situation out there:

"There has been no 'let up' in the good work at any time. We still have a waiting list nearly as long as it has been at any time during the five years of our operation. We are proud to say that we have benefited over 1,300 children in these Islands.

"I have just returned from a six months visit through the United States, visiting quite a number of the hospitals and meeting a great many of those active in the work. Having visited the San Francisco unit; Greenville, South Carolina; Springfield, Massachusetts, finishing up by having the opportunity of seeing the picture called 'An Equal Chance' (which was put on during the session at Aleppo Temple, Boston, and which to my mind is one of the greatest things that has happened for promotion of this great work). I am looking forward to the day when they will send it to Honolulu and it will be shown on our several Islands.

"The work as has been carried on in these Islands is quite far reaching over the

entire group and there is not a village or town that has not contributed one or more cripples, covering all nationalities and worked out according to the original scheme, regardless of color, creed, religion. During the five years of operation not one disagreeable thing has happened.

"As one passes through the ward and looks at the sweet faces of nine different nationalities, among the twenty-eight patients, one can not wonder at the forethought of our National Board of Trustees who made these rules. The follow-up work, as we have carried it out in the Islands, has been very interesting and we have organized among the Nobles, a Welfare Club to look after all children discharged from the Hospital, placing the dependent children in schools and positions where they are employed learning a trade and made self-supporting citizens.

"We had a bill passed at the last Legislature, appropriating \$25,000 to board and clothe and school those whose parents were unable to look after them. It is working out very satisfactorily. We now have seven in pay schools, all of whom are well up in their studies, taking a great interest in their work. We have placed eighteen in positions. With one exception they all get good wages and are well thought of in the organization in which they are working.

"Another wonderful thing. A very wealthy lady, Mrs. C. H. Deering, who died recently, willed the bulk of her estate, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, to take care of tubercular bone children during the convalescent stage. As tubercular bone cases are very prevalent in this climate, this unit will be taken care of by our regular tubercular hospital.

"The one outstanding feature of all of our work in the Islands has been the wonderful way in which the community has backed us up. Being a community of only 320,000 population, there isn't a man, woman or child on the Islands that is not familiar with the work.

"Six years has elapsed since this Shrine movement started, and with the wonderful progress of the fifteen units that has been made, one can hardly realize that an organization as large [Continued on page 51]



(S. S. Calgaric, the beautiful floating hotel that will carry the Shriners on their second cruise to the West Indies.

SHRINERS Will Sail Again to the WEST INDIES

We're going again!

When the S. S. Calgaric sails from New York, on January 23rd, her cabins will be filled with Shriners, their families and friends, headed away from snow and ice, on the second Shriners Cruise to the West Indies and Panama.

Led by Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones these happy people will taste the joys of cruising with people that "speak their language." On board will be Shriners who made the cruise last year. Memories of the joyful time last year have lured them back to pleasures they have enjoyed before, for the same James Boring management, the same White Star Service will provide once more the same carefree enjoyment.

Shrine trips on shore have always been noted for their gay camaraderie. Shrine trips afloat combine the best features of the land parties with the fascinating pleasures of ocean travel, especially when the itinerary includes the glamorous ports of the West Indies. The S. S. Calgaric will be our floating hotel,

providing the best in fare and comfort. After happy days ashore seeing the interesting sights of the various ports we return to our rooms on board where we find our stewards waiting to serve us with every creature comfort.

Dancing, bridge parties, costume balls, horse-racing, and many other amusements will help to pass the days at sea.

The memorable cruise of last year was marked by Shrine functions at various ports. Usually Shriners are found in every port anxious to greet the Nobility. This year they are waiting for us again. They want to see you. Come along. Reservations already in assure you of splendid company, and your space should be reserved now. We will visit the following points with comprehensive shore programs included wherever advertised. Havana, Kingston, Jamaica, Colon, Cristobal, Panama City, Port au Prince, Haiti, and Nassau, returning to New York after nineteen days of fraternal functions, pleasures and joyful travel.



(The path of palms leading to Panama's Administration Building.



(A group of Shriners on last year's cruise to the West Indies.

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

NEW YORK SHRINE GROUP MEETS

ALL ten Shrine Temples in the Empire State were represented at the annual meeting of the Shrine Council of the State of New York, held in Niagara Falls, New York, on September 7th and 8th, under the hospitable auspices of the Niagara Falls Shrine Club and Ismailia Temple of Buffalo. Present were 78 official Representatives, led by Noble Clifford H. Bradt of Brooklyn, Past Potentate of Kismet, and President of the Council. A king pin in the affair was Noble Edward R. Cole, President of the Niagara Falls Shrine Club, and the highest ranked was Noble Esten A. Fletcher, of Damascus Temple in Rochester, Imperial Chief Rabban, representing the Imperial Potentate and Imperial Divan.

The Temples were officially represented by their Potentates, as follows: Mecca, New York City, Arthur L. Lee; Damascus, Rochester, Acting Potentate Wiley Wilson; Cyprus, Albany, Nordin J. Shambrook; Oriental, Troy, Ralph W. Rennie; Ziyara, Utica, James B. Geer; Kismet, Brooklyn, Thomas A. Davis; Ismailia, Buffalo, George H. Rowe; Media, Watertown, Charles J. Reeder; Kalurah, Binghamton, Walter S. Jennings; Tigris, Syracuse, Roy P. Chamberlin.

Since January 1st more than 1700 Novices have crossed the hot sands in New York State, the Progress Committee reported to the well pleased delegates.

The introductory session of the conclave was held in the Hotel Statler, Buffalo, featuring an address of welcome by Judge Rowe. The reception committee was headed by Noble George H. Chase, Past Potentate of Ismailia and Third Vice-President of the Council. In the evening Judge Rowe was host at a banquet to 80 distinguished Shrine guests. The guest of honor was Noble Fletcher. He and the host spoke, and so did Potentates Geer, Chamberlin, Rennie, Davis, Reeder, Shambrook and Lee.

Early the next morning all of Ismailia's uniformed bodies and nearly 2000 of the Temple's rank and file went to Niagara for the official proceedings, and other Nobles from outside poured into the scenic city from all points of the compass.

At the formal opening meeting later that morning Noble Fletcher addressed the Representatives, and his remarks were of great interest to them. Other speakers were Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman of Kismet and Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cyprus, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. Participating officers, in addition to President Bradt, were Charles F. Northrup, Tigris, First Vice-President; Frank A. Schmidt, Ziyara, Second Vice-President; George H. Chase, Ismailia, Third Vice-President; Arthur L. Lee, Mecca Fourth Vice-President; Nordin A. Shambrook, Cyprus, Treasurer. The only absentee was William N. Stowell, of Oriental Temple, Secretary of the Council, whose absence was unavoidable because of pressing business.

Following adjournment about noon, and luncheon, there was a dazzling parade from the Niagara Hotel to the campus of De Veaux School. In line were 1200 Nobles, comprising the Bands and Patrols of Ismailia, Kismet, Damascus, Cyprus, Oriental, Ziyara, Media and Tigris Temples. It is estimated that nearly 10,000 Nobles witnessed and cheered the marchers, their en-

thusiasm being echoed by thousands of citizens lining the streets.

The patrol and band drills were under the direction of Noble H. I. Sackett, Captain of Ismailia's Patrol, with the able assistance of Major Edwin J. Ziegler of that Temple's Legion of Honor.

Kismet Temple won the Patrol and Band silver cups and also a large silver one donated by Ismailia for the greatest number of points. This is a new trophy, to be competed for annually and going permanently to the Temple first to win it three times. The Chanters and Drum Corps of Tigris each won a trophy in their respective competitions. The Legion of Honor Silver cup went to Damascus Temple of Rochester, New York.

That night, at the Prince of Wales Club in Niagara Falls, Ontario, Ismailia Temple staged a dinner for 600 Nobles. This valiant 600, with viands to the right of them, viands to the left of them, viands in front of them, charged the groaning board nobly.

A unanimous vote of thanks was extended to Ismailia Temple and the Niagara Falls Shrine Club "for the able and efficient manner in which every detail had been taken care of." The Time and Place Committee reported acceptance of the invitation from Damascus to hold the Spring Council meeting in Rochester on the last Saturday of April, 1929.

Noble Harry J. Gould, Chief Rabban of Ismailia, was general chairman of the conclave, with Judge Rowe as honorary chairman and Edward R. Cole as vice-chairman, both of Ismailia.



Noble Clifford H. Bradt, Past Potentate of Kismet Temple, Brooklyn, New York, and President of New York Shrine Council was one of the leading spirits at their annual meeting.



Recorder W. A. Turner turning first spadeful of earth on site of Jaffa Temple's new mosque, Altoona, Pa.

CAAD, DULUTH, MINN.

Noble J. L. Filbet has been reelected president of the Aad Band for the sixth consecutive year. Noble Charles Helmer was again chosen director. Other officers named were: Dr. C. W. Benson, first vice-president; W. G. Campbell, second vice-president; G. P. Pederson, secretary; F. G. Freeman, treasurer. A dinner preceded the business meeting.

CARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Several hundred south Texas Shriners went to Houston and joined a few more hundred local Nobles on September 8th, to celebrate the opening of the new Temple, valued at fully \$300,000. The old Mosque on Main street will be remodeled into a business building. In addition to the customary lodge facilities, the building has a ballroom, small theater, eight bowling alleys, pool tables and a gymnasium. The auditorium seats 1200 persons.

All living Past Potentates participated prominently in the proceedings.

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

Noble Herman Engelhardt, chairman of the out-of-door committee, managed a fine venison dinner and Indian dance affair as the feature of a three-day September party for Nobles and their wives, held at Lucerne, Lake County. Noble Vincent Keeling of Lakeport was master chef.

On September 15th several hundred Nobles went to Turlock, where Colonel Fred Engelsby had arranged a Ceremonial. It was the largest ever held in the San Joaquin Valley, and Potentate Ezra (Tony) Decoto headed a delegation that filled up a special train. The Band and Patrol did their share of the heavy work.

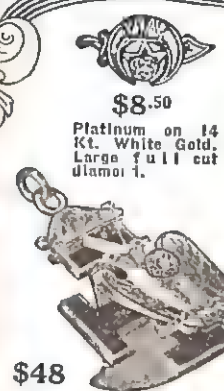
CACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

For the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Hospital the Temple's peerless baseball team took a beating from the Grotto sluggers on August 30th. The score was 14-8. Noble Nick Altrock of the Washington Americans and Al Schacht did some wonderful clowning and almost stopped the game.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 40]

You can't beat our Low Prices for DIAMONDS

Every Quality
but 60% of
Market Price



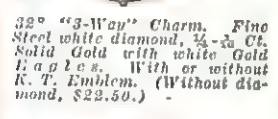
\$8.50
Platinum on 14
Kt. White Gold.
Large full cut
diamond.



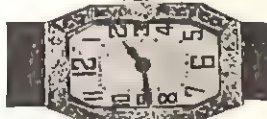
\$110
Diamond of Fine Blue White
Brilliance. 2 synthetic Blue
Sapphires. 18 Kt. White Gold.
Shrine emblem or 32° Eagles.
Try to match at \$175.00.
(With Small Diamond, price
\$25.)



\$69.50
3/4-1/2 Ct.
Snappy Solitaire.
Try to Match at
\$115.00.



\$48
32° "3-Way" Charm. Fine
Street white diamond, 1/4-3/8 Ct.
Solid Gold with white Gold
Eagle L.C.S. With or without
K.T. Emblem. (Without dia-
mond, \$23.50.)



\$35
15 Jewel; 14 Kt.
Solid White Gold.
4 Diamonds & Sapphires.
Set in Platinum.



\$57
1 1/2 Ct.
Show.
Try to Match at \$100.00



\$68
18 Kt.
White Gold.
5 Blue-White Diamonds.
2 Blue Syn. Sapphires.



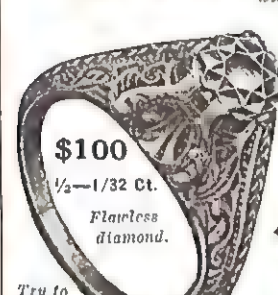
\$137
3/4 Ct. Even.
Showy Blue-White.
Try to Match at \$225.00.



\$7.35
Solid White
or Green Gold
with Diamonds.



\$189
1-3/32 Ct.
Blue White.
Try to Match at
\$300.00.



\$100
1/2-1/32 Ct.
Flawless
diamond.
Try to
Match
at \$100.

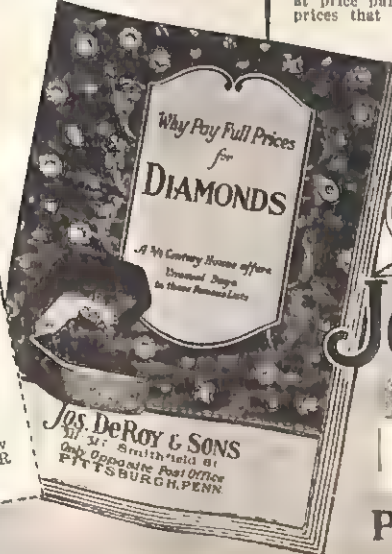


\$11.50
High grade jeweled 1000
Strip Watch. Also ELGIN,
Illinois, Waltham and other
High Grade Watches.

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Jos. DeRoy & Sons, 7174 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me free in plain en-
velope, latest bargain list of diamonds, watches, jewelry.

Name _____
Address _____
Also send me free, without obligation to buy Special
List, as checked:—diamonds, \$50 to \$200 ☐ diamonds,
\$200 to \$500 ☐.
Diamonds bought here are like Insurance policies. You know
what you can borrow before you decide to buy—SEE OUR
CASH BACK GUARANTEE!



A 3/4 Century House Offers
for Free Examination

SPECIAL to SHRINERS

This handsome 18 kt. White Gold Shrine ring set with 1/4-3/32 Ct. diamond, at only \$110—sent for absolutely free examination. Or let us send—on approval—the 3/4 less 1/2 carat, snappy, brilliant solitaire diamond in handsome mounting at \$69.50. Bankers, Lawyers, Merchants and other shrewd buyers—reaping this real advantage here. Write NOW for latest Diamond Bargain List and see the hundreds of other money-saving opportunities equaling those shown here.

A 75-year-old firm, now an association of 10 large loan firms combined. This largest and oldest diamond banking institution of its kind in all the world has the highest commercial rating—over \$1,000,000.00 A.A.A.-1. We have made loans on diamonds, jewels, etc., in excess of \$30,000,000.00 and still doing an ever-increasing loan business. (Read Free List offer below).

Why Pay Full Prices Costs Nothing to See

Special List! These and many other bargains equaling those shown here, now offered for prompt sale. Diamonds, jewels, watches and other gems of unusual qualities—at an entirely different price basis—viz: loan values, not market values. Bargains, too, from other advantageous sources. Sent to your very door at but a fraction of market prices. At our risk we send you any bargain you wish for absolutely free examination promptly upon your request to do so. No red tape. No obligation to buy. Just try to match the bargain at 60 per cent more if you can, or don't keep it. See coupon below!

Low as \$60 per Carat for Diamonds

Yes, some even lower priced—and diamonds of fine to rarest grades also at proportionately low bargain prices. See these rare advantageous offerings. All in classiest of brand new mountings.

Send for Latest List of Diamond Foreclosures

Unlike the ordinary catalog, Diamond Bargains described in full detail with exact weight, color, quality, etc. You know what you're buying before you buy. Besides it tells of Guaranteed Cash—like Insurance Policy Loan Guarantees. Also unlimited exchange privileges at price paid and complete details of free examination offer. Low prices that will amaze you. Latest Bargain List now ready. List is FREE but send now—edition limited. No obligation to buy. Write this minute. A postal will do, or better—

Mail Coupon Now!

References by permission: Bank of Pittsburgh—N. A.; Marine National Bank; Union Trust Co.; Pittsburgh, Pa. Your Bank can look us up in mercantile agencies.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons 7174 De Roy Bldg.

3/4 Century
SAME LOCATION

Pittsburgh, Penna.



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 38])

AL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

On August 30th Potentate Albert E. Fiebach, his Divan and working crews and the Temple's uniformed bodies, in the presence of the Imperial Potentate, were responsible for one of the biggest events in Shrinedom, when it initiated 135 Novices in Chester, West Virginia, assisted by the officers and Nobility of Osiris Temple of Wheeling, West Virginia, and Syria Temple of Pittsburgh, and thus drawing to Chester and to East Liverpool, Ohio, a crowd of 5,000 Shriners. The outstate visitors were led by Potentates William L. Smith, Jr., of Osiris, and Potentate Reginald A. Daniell of Syria.

Imperial Potentate Jones accompanied Al Koran's delegation of more than 1,000 Nobles from Cleveland to East Liverpool, the uniformed bodies alone numbering 250 men, the trip being made in a special train. At East Liverpool greeters met the Koranites and took them to the Masonic Temple, where the Imperial Potentate and the bodies were luncheon guests.

In the meantime several thousand more befezzed visitors began arriving from Pittsburgh and Wheeling and Chester. At 1:00 P. M. the parade began, all uniformed bodies of Al Koran, Syria and Osiris participating. Nearly 2000 Nobles marched and were cheered by 10,000 spectators. Mayor Ralph C. Bendedum led the parade as grand marshal, flanked by other notables and preceded by a special police escort. The next car carried the Imperial Potentate and Potentate Fiebach, driven by Noble Paul G. Lutz. Moving pictures were taken by the news reel men and later in the afternoon the Movietone Company took pictures with sound accompaniment of the Imperial Potentate while delivering an address.

Immediately after the parade the Imperial party and the entire Nobility crossed the Ohio River into West Virginia, to Chester, whence they went to Rock Springs Park, where the Ceremonial was held.

Much credit is given to the East Liverpool Shrine Club and the Al Koran committees in Canton for their diligence in securing candidates.

The Potentate and officers of Al Koran officiated at the initiation. The Syria Temple Legion of Honor assisted in the flag ceremony, and Potentate Smith of Osiris delivered the Inspired Charge.

While this was going on there were entertaining features in the park for Shriner ladies and families. The working units of the three temples put on splendid drills and the massed bands gave a wonderful concert.



COMING EVENTS

November 5th—Al Kader, Portland, Ore., formal dance.

November 9th—Aleppo, Boston, Mass., first Autumn Ceremonial.

November 10th—Alzafar, San Antonio, Tex., dance.

November 12th—Bedouin, Muskogee, Okla., first Autumn Ceremonial.

November 15th—Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, Will Rogers lecture.

November 19th—Tigris, Syracuse, 7th annual circus.

November 23rd—Zuhrah, Minneapolis, Minn., Potentate's ball.

November 30th—Boumi, Baltimore, Md., first Autumn Ceremonial.

December 29th—Islam, San Francisco, Calif., second East-West football game for benefit of Shrine Children's Hospitals.

December 29th—Islam, San Francisco, night Ceremonial, Aahmes and Ben Ali uniformed bodies assisting.

A special feature was the playing of Canton's Trum Drum (drum corps).

Dinner for 5000 people was served in the park pavilion. Provision was made for the Salvation Army in the food budget, and that organization got plenty.

CALI GHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Local Nobles are ready to do a Shrine service to the community at any time. And so Potentate G. Guy Shoemaker took a flock of them to Hancock one fine day in September to help that town's drive to buy fire apparatus for the new flame fighting company recently organized there. They gave the folks a treat by putting on a big parade, Patrol drill, Band concert, and Drum Corps program.



(Noble Frank W. Asherton (left) of Moslem, Detroit, receiving the Sir Lawrence Weaver Advertising Trophy.

(India Temple's quartette of Oklahoma City—Nobles Albright, Brill, Cargill and Crawford.

(Winner of First Prize in Hamasa Temple's Ceremonial Parade—Motor car owned by J. E. Snyder, Meridian, Miss.



AL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Past Imperial Potentate "Sunny Jim" McCandless and his wife were royally entertained in September, one event being a large theater party. The headliner was Noble Eddie Peabody of Al Kader, the Banjo Boy of vaudeville fame, who was escorted through the streets to the theater by the Temple Band, which also took a prominent part in the program.

CALEPPO, BOSTON

The Temple's famous Drum Corps of 265 pieces shared honors with six New England governors at the Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Massachusetts, on September 5th. The Governor of Delaware and representatives of the governors of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania were also present. The Corps gave a remarkable concert of two hours as the official preliminary to the reception to the governors.

The first Autumn Ceremonial will be held on November 9th.

AL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In order to raise part of the large funds that will be needed to entertain the Imperial Council next June the Temple gave a big concert and party in the Hollywood bowl on September 12th, being rewarded with an attendance of 20,000 persons, mostly Masons and their families. The Temple's Band of eighty pieces, a harp ensemble of fifteen and Alice Gentle, soprano, were principals on the program.

A burlesque ball game on roller skates was held on September 6th in the rink. Recorder George J. Ramsey said he got a telegram from Babe Ruth, in which he said: "Regret cannot be with you. Please extend my condolences to umpire's widow."

ALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

All Nobles, their families and friends were invited to the Temple's Pioneers dance and basket picnic dinner at Camp Alzafar on September 8th. A special orchestra, races, contests, etc., with many prizes aided in the merriment. The dance was in honor of the new cottage owners. The camp now has seventy private cottages, club house, bath houses and a dancing pavilion.

There was another dance in September and three in October. Noble Harry L. Trail is chairman of the dance committee.

CANAH, BANGOR, MAINE

The Nobility awakened Bangor at sunrise of August 29th as they and their Band and Drum Corps and uniformed bodies marched with right cheerful noise to the railroad station, where they boarded a special train for Houlton, to put on a Summer Ceremonial. There Potentate Carl C. Hayes and his Divan found that all arrange-

[Shrine News Continued on page 42]

"Insurance companies have compiled statistics that prove sleep lengthens life . . .

that's enough for me!"

says T. J. HOUSTON



Mr. T. J. HOUSTON—who finds time for many interests while heading a large General Insurance Company.

"BUT for the fellow who wants still more," continues Mr. Houston, "there is the fact that good, sound sleep makes it possible to get more pleasure out of life.

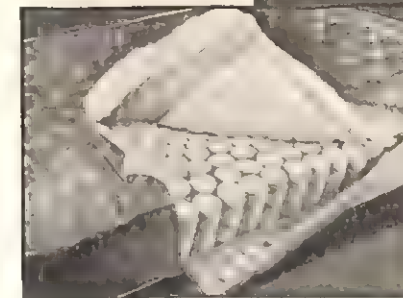
"Personally I find Simmons' Mattress and Ace Spring unequalled for giving me the rest I need."

For years the Simmons Company—the world's largest makers of Beds, Springs and Mattresses—have been studying this problem of proper sleep. Colleges, Hospitals, Physicians have aided. Scientific principles to induce the most beneficial sleep have been developed and applied to Simmons products.

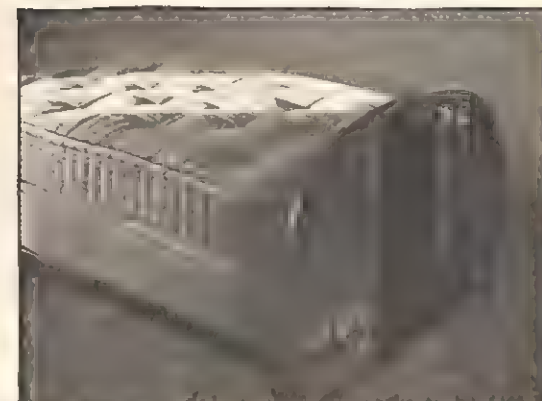
Results have been astounding. Old types of mattresses and springs are being discarded. The Beautyrest and Ace are meeting with overwhelming acceptance. And they should, for they are adding to the health and happiness of thousands.

Bear in mind that the Beautyrest is unique. No other mattress is like it. Its center layer is a honeycomb made up of hundreds of finely

The moment you see the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring you recognize their quality. Fine materials—expert workmanship—combine to assure perfect rest.



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—a center of close-packed springy wire coils, hundreds of them. Over these the soft mattress layers.



Simmons Ace Spring—of resilient spirals—more than in most springs. The equivalent of a box spring, yet lighter. Less in cost. Slip cover additional.

SIMMONS

BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES
[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 40]
ments had been made in a most admirable manner.

Houlton was treated to a colorful parade, Drum Corps music, a Band concert, and evolutions by the Patrol.

In the auditorium of Littleton Camp in the ancient Aroostook shire town the Cere- monial was held, featured by special light- ing and drapery effects.

ARARAT, KANSAS CITY, MO.

The annual picnic was held at the Ivan- hoe Country Club. It was a family affair lasting most of the day and far, far into the night. The Band blared and the Chanters chirped. After the feed came fireworks, one piece depicting a warship-submarine battle, and another Niagara Falls. Dancing completed the program, which was in charge of Noble Thomas S. Handley, Chief Rabban.

On September 15th the annual bowling season opened, with registrations from six- teen teams, which will play ninety games in thirty weeks.



Noble Leonard E. Meyer, nationally known as the Editor of the Tripoli Tattler, Milwaukee.

BALLUT ABYAD, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Forty eager but alarmed Novices were put through their paces in the Temple's late Summer Ceremonial. Many of those who crossed the sands had just graduated from the Scottish Rite class in El Paso. A busi- ness session, a street parade which included Ballut's two real live camels, and a banquet preceded the initiation.

BEDOUI, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

Noble F. W. Bockenheuser and his com- mitteemen have arranged a cards and dance program for the rest of the season up to and including the carnival dance of March 29th, 1929.

The first Autumn Ceremonial will be held on November 12th.

BOUMI, BALTIMORE, MD.

The annual Boumi Temple day at Bonny Blink, the new Masonic Home site, was held on September 1st. Potentate George M. Armor and Noble Warren S. Seipp, Grand Master of Maryland, delivered addresses.



George H. Rowe, Potentate of Ismailia Temple at Buffalo, New York, who led 100 Shrine pilgrims to Europe this sum- mer.

There was an outdoor concert for two hours by the Band, and the Chanters sang. The ladies enjoyed card games. A big dinner was served.

On September 7th the Potentate and Divan were guests of the Patrol, motoring to Piney Mount Inn, Caledonia Park, Penn- sylvania, for an afternoon of fun and a sumptuous repast.

The next day the Eastern Shore Shrine Club held a ladies night in Ocean City. There was a large attendance, many of the Nobles and their families remaining over un- til Monday.

There was balloting on petitions at the business meeting of September 28th, and November 30th was announced as the date of the Autumn Ceremonial.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

Potentate Earl E. Jeffries led a mixed Shrine party of 100 on a week's trip through eastern Canada in September. They took in Niagara Falls, Muskoka Lakes, Bigwig Inn, Toronto and other places. Outdoor sports took up most of the program, but a dance and banquet in Toronto was a big feature. The outing was under the auspices of the Atlantic City Shrine Club and most of the trippers live in the resort city.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Acting Potentate Wilson conducted a big crowd to Auburn, New York, on August 25th for a field day. Other members went there from Geneva, Seneca Falls and Canan- daigua. The Auburn Shrine Club joined all contingents in a parade led by the Band and Patrol and Legion of Honor. Sports enlivened the picnic in Lakeside Park. Im- perial Chief Rabban Fletcher graced the occasion with his presence.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Members turned out en masse on Labor Day for the big picnic and sports program, with features for the children. The scene was the shore of Egypt Lake.

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

The Patrol and Drum and Bugle Corps participated prominently in the electrical ex- position of the Rocky Mountain News of Denver, given there on September 12th. Their work was one of the high lights in the outdoor show which preceded the dis- play of exhibits in the City Auditorium.

EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

At the regular session of September 19th the boys told about the big trout that got away from them in vacation time. Never- theless, the foundation was laid for the com- ing season's activities. Three days later Potentate James S. Hibbert's entertainment committee fired the first gun of the social season with a special dinner.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Nobles of El Mina followed Potentate E. H. Thornton to Texas City on Septem- ber 12th, where the Temple Band gave a public concert in the new municipal audi- torium.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

In order to devote to Temple needs the sum of \$2,100 a year which now goes for in- terest payments, Potentate Clarence Blem- ker has started an agitation to wipe out the debt. Many Nobles have agreed to sub- scribe \$100 each, and so prospects are bright.

In order to raise the Booster Club at- tendance at the weekly luncheons above the present high mark, the membership has been divided into "football teams," seven of



Noble John D. McCall belongs to El Mina, Galveston, Tex. He lives in Beaumont where he is prominent as an attorney and in public affairs.

the Western conference under Noble Fred J. Fisher and seven of the Eastern led by Noble J. Spence Maidlow, the scoring to be on the basis of 100 percent attendance, bringing in of new members, etc.

HAMASA, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Potentate Lamar Robinson and his Divan have selected November 15th as the date of the Temple's first Autumn Ceremonial, and the committees in charge hope to make it the best in Hamasa's history.

The new Mosque, dedicated on June 21st, is operating like a watch, and the members have had the pleasure of entertaining many out-of-town Nobles.



Dr. Luther Michael, Repre- sentative of Ala- meda County, Aabmes Temple, Oakland, Cal.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

The Temple closed its Summer activities with a watermelon party, an annual affair. As the Nobles and their families submerged themselves in the crescent shaped slabs they left their ears outside so as to simultaneously enjoy the concert of the Temple's newly reorganized Band of thirty pieces and the work of the vocal quartette. Noble John L. DeGrazier was chairman of the entertain- ment committee.

ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

Plans have been laid already for the next East-West football game for the benefit of Shrine charity, scheduled for December 29th, and at which an attendance of 60,000 is ex- pected. The net for the hospitals last year was \$35,000, and the hope is to exceed it.

[Shrine News Continued on page 46]



Noble Edward S. Evans, Moslem, Detroit, the fam- ous aviator who circled the globe in 28 days.

HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 19]

Nine different times had she tried to see Riddick! Nine different times had he suc- cessfully evaded her! Today, she was to try for the tenth and the last time.

After Badgy had left her, Sheila hooked herself into a sophisticated black gown and adjusted a close fitting black hat. Thus arrayed, she found it no great task to flag a passing taxi and give the word to pro- ceed to the law firm of Riddick and Rid- dick!

Sheila was admitted to Riddick's office without delay. Amazed after the nine def- inite refusals, she stared across the room at him. He had taken up a pose before the grate of gas logs.

"Then you do want to see me?" she began.

"I sent for you. Didn't you get the message?"

"Haven't been home very regularly of late."

"I want to know how much longer this game is going on and if you think that you can convince anyone but yourself that one flapper in action comprises a drama?"

"Don't you want me to love you, Tony?" she coaxed, "to just play at loving you? Everyone else is getting divorced or mar- ried and I'm quite lonesome."

"You have told your last lie and placed me in the last false position that you are ever going to. Nancy and her mother will regard me as a pariah. Your cub brother planned to blow out my brains until I convinced him that I had none."

"Because of the pinky wink things that I hid in the drawers when Nancy wasn't looking? That was such fun," Sheila's eyes were violet and warmish. Riddick steeled himself not to believe that there was a hint of tears as well.

"I'm quite disturbed these days," she be- gan again.

"I should think you would be," was his only sympathy.

Sheila walked to the door but Riddick pursued her. She might denounce him be- fore his staff—just in fun!

His fingers closed over her wrist. He felt her wrist relax and become limp and defeated.

"It's the bracelet clasp," she explained, "not your wild grip. You can't escape me, darling—so don't try," kissing him lightly as she opened the door and fled.

There was a scowl on Riddick's face but a song in his heart.

"You're a fool, Tony," he told himself, "steady—steady . . ."

Those deeply interested had their own idea of Braddock's reconciliation with his son and his acceptance of his daughter-in- law.

To Tom and Nancy, Braddock's overtures were an acknowledgment of personal de- feat, a surrender to their youthful and in- fallible wisdom.

To Sheila, it was a hysterical gesture on the part of a bewildered tyrant. She was amused at his boosting for Nancy and prophesying that this young couple were going to discount criticisms of the younger generation. She did not believe that her father was going to always think along these lines.

"You're a mean little thing, in addition to all else," Riddick told her after she had explained these reactions.

They were having Sunday night supper at the old Riddick house, only Badgy being absent. Nancy was toasting muffins and Braddock was sitting by the fire indulging in a pipe and his own thoughts.

"You're a great beast," Sheila flung back. "You can't escape me tonight, it's en fa- mille, you see. I [Continued on page 47]

Test Yourself for "Sunlight Starvation"

12 TESTS

For "Sunlight Starvation"

1. Do you tire easily?
2. Do you "catch cold" often?
3. Do you sleep badly?
4. Is your appetite poor?
5. Are you irritable, pessi- mistic?
6. Is your complexion sallow?
7. Is your hair dull, lifeless- looking?
8. Do you lack vitality and energy?
9. Do you suffer from indi- gestion and malnutrition?
10. Are you showing signs of premature old age?
11. Is your resistance to di- sease low?
12. Is your health below par?



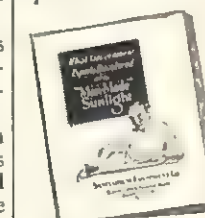
NO longer need you suffer the health handi- caps which come with "sunlight starva- tion!"

For new scientific methods—the conclusion of 30 years of intensive experiments and tests—have solved one of today's greatest health prob- lems. Sunshine—pure, concentrated "man- made" sunshine in your own home day or night—is now a reality.

A Balanced Blend of Sun-Rays

You will be amazed at the benefits of scientific home use of the new Battle Creek SunArc Bath. New vigor, health, youth, follow these sunbaths as naturally as they follow prolonged daily ex- posures to the sun itself, but quickly!

For SunArc Sunlight is a balanced blend in con- centrated form of the tonic ultra-violet, the in- valuable infra-red—literally ALL the visible and invisible rays which give natural sunlight its marvelous recuperative and health-promoting qualities.



Only in the carbon arc—the Sun- Arc—will you find ALL the health-promoting rays of actual sunlight. Not only ultra-violet, but infra-red, too!

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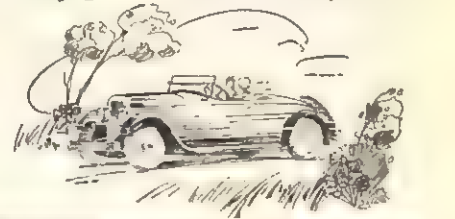
Thus minutes under the SunArc equal hours of outdoor exposure. And you need NEVER miss the daily "meal" of sunrays which you must "feed" to your body to maintain perfect health.

Amazing Results—Quickly!

Would you enjoy looking and feeling like a new person, with those annoying little aches and pains, those periodic depressions, gone—your entire system toned up—your resistance to disease multiplied so that you avoid dangerous colds—that "tired feeling" banished forever? Would you like to gain new, radiant health and strength? You can—with SunArc Sunlight!

Get the facts about this amazing new low-cost health aid. Ask your Doctor about this method —used in the world's largest health institution. And send for the latest bulletin—"What Gov- ernment Experts Have Discovered About 'Man- Made' Sunlight" and the interesting free book, "Sunshine and Health". For your health's sake —write today!

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Dept. 729-S Battle Creek, Mich.



Battle Creek **SUNARC** Bath



(The late Noble William S. Brown.

DEATH OF THE IMPERIAL TREASURER

Illustrious Noble William Smith Brown, Imperial Treasurer of the Mystic Shrine died on September 8th, in Pittsburgh, after a long illness, in his 79th year. He was quite sick at the time of the Imperial Council session last May in Miami, but insisted upon going.

"In fact," exclaimed one of his brethren in Syria Temple, "it will kill Uncle Bill if he doesn't attend—and may if he does."

He was there, as usual, and for the 34th time presented his annual report as custodian of the Shrine's bullion. A Noble for 45 years, he sat in the Imperial Council for all but eleven years of that long span. He held many important posts in Syria, including that of Potentate.

Noble Brown first saw the Light, upon being raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason, in Braddocks Field Lodge No. 510, Pittsburgh, on February 24th, 1877, becoming its Worshipful Master five years later.

He was inducted into Shiloh Chapter No. 257 on March 2nd, 1877, and was High Priest thereof in 1887, made a Knight Templar in Tancred Commandery No. 48 on October 17th, 1877, and later became Commander thereof. The same year he was received into the Pennsylvania Consistory of the Scottish Rite. In 1904 he was elevated to the 33° honorary and designated a Sovereign Grand Inspector General, Northern Jurisdiction. When the Royal Order of Jesters was organized more than ten years ago he was elected national head thereof, with the title of Royal Director, which honor he held until his death.

The friend and confidant in the old days of Mark Twain, Buffalo Bill Cody and Al G. Fields, Uncle Bill had an interesting life, and one that was adventuresome in his youth. Born on October 18th, 1849, at Brown's Station, which is now Brown Street in Pittsburgh, he was the son of Peter and Jane Brown. Finding his father's coal business prosaic, he went steamboating at the age of 17, the year following the end of the Civil War. It was while wallowing along atop the muddy Mississippi in '66 and '67 that he became a buddy of Mark Twain, also a river hand, and then unconsciously gathering material for the perennial Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

Going further afield, Uncle Bill went to Junction City, Kansas, the western jumping off place of the Union Pacific. Joining up with an ox-team caravan, he penetrated into the wilds of New Mexico, en route picking up that famous Indian scout, Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). The little band of pioneers repelled an Indian attack.

a memento of which was a scalp which Noble Brown kept in his Pittsburgh den.

The caravan went right through to the Pacific Coast, but Uncle Bill found no gold. The trip home was rough going, and none too speedy, since he had to work his way as driver of a government team. His pay was a dollar a day and "keep," the latter necessity being dependent for the most part upon the game he could shoot from day to day.

Noble Brown was educated in Pittsburgh public schools, the old Waynesburg College, California State Normal School and Duff's College. His old friend Andrew Carnegie made him a director of the Braddock Free Library. He was a Republican, and in 1894 was elected Treasurer of Allegheny County. He refused all other opportunities to accept public office. He was inspector for rifle practice of the 14th Regiment. After several years as paymaster or superintendent of coal mines, he entered the athletic goods business in 1882, continuing therein until his death as President of the firm.

At the funeral on September 11th Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones was officially represented by Noble Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Chief Rabban. The Imperial Potentate was unable to go to Pittsburgh, but as late as August 30th he and the Imperial Recorder had a long and cheery visit with Noble Brown.

Others at the services in the home in Aylesboro Avenue, largely attended by Masonic and civic leaders of Pittsburgh, included Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, Past Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Treasurer James H. Price, Potentate and Representative William L. Smith, Jr., of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, West Virginia; James R. Watt, Secretary, Board of Trustees, Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children; Past Potentate Hoffman of Saladin Temple, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Past Potentate Walter S. Sugden, Dr. O. W. Burdats and Dr. George L. Vieweg, all Imperial Council Representatives of Osiris Temple; Fred E. Pierce, of Salaam Temple, Newark, New Jersey, Royal Impresario of the Royal Order of Jesters.

Services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Albert E. Day, pastor of Christ Methodist Episcopal Church. Noble Alexander Gilliland of Syria Temple read one of Uncle Bill's original poems—"I Am Going Home." Burial was in Homewood Cemetery.

Noble Brown's surviving children are Mrs. Paul Hay and Mrs. J. Homer McCreedy and William M., Edward L., and Samuel S. Brown, Jr.

The national press associations carried noticeable obituary notices, and among the subsequent newspaper editorials was one in Pittsburgh, which said in part:

"The death of William S. Brown will bring sadness far and wide. His office brought him in contact with leaders from all parts of the country. His interest in the affairs of Shrinedom was keen, but much was left over for the crippled children under the protection of the Order; he was also treasurer of the funds which erected and maintains hospitals for them in several cities.

"It was for his personal quality that 'Uncle Bill' Brown will be remembered best. Large of frame, jovial of disposition, he was a leader men came to love. Wherever he happened to be he brought sunshine and geniality, brightness and jollity. Of him it was said often that his heart was as big as his body. It will be difficult for a great circle scattered over the land to realize that his voice is stilled."

Al Field's popular book of wit, wisdom and quaint philosophy, "Watch Yourself Go By," grew out of his correspondence with Uncle Bill, with copies sent around to their cronies.



(Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger.

THE NEW IMPERIAL TREASURER

On September 13th the Imperial Potentate appointed Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger, of El Jebel Temple, Denver, Colorado, to succeed the late Noble William Smith Brown as Imperial Treasurer of the Order. He accepted the honor and is now officiating as such.

Noble Burger, who is a prominent Colorado banker, was born in New York City on November 21st, 1866, of Holland Dutch and Scotch parentage. He was educated at Trinity School. He migrated to Denver in 1894, at which time he was already a Mason, having been gathered within the fold by Ancient York Lodge No. 89, of Nashua, New Hampshire, in 1888.

Noble Burger early in life became very active in the civic, social and religious life of Denver. In the course of time he became president of various organizations and clubs. He was elected to the Colorado State Senate in 1911 and twice was the Republican candidate for Congress.

Entering the banking business at 41 years of age, he was elected president of the Union Deposit and Trust Company; cashier of the Hamilton National Bank of Denver in 1910, vice-president in 1914 and president in 1916. He was elected vice-president of the combined Hamilton and Denver National Banks in 1924.

The new Imperial Treasurer is also prominent in the life insurance field, being president of the American Life Insurance Company, a well known Colorado concern, with headquarters in Denver.

Dimitting from his mother lodge, he became a leader in Colorado Masonry, becoming Commander of Coronal Commandery No. 36, Knights Templar, Denver; Grand Generalissimo of the Colorado Grand Commandery; member of the Scottish Rite, 32°; Senior Warden, Delta Lodge of Perfection, Scottish Rite; Past Sovereign of the Mount of the Holy Cross Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine.

In the Shrine he has been very prominent, holding various offices in El Jebel Temple, of which he is a Past Potentate and its Representative for life in the Imperial Council. He was elected Imperial Outer Guard in 1916, advancing through the several stations to election as Imperial Potentate on June 4th, 1925. In his year as supreme administrator of the Order the usual steady growth was made. He continues to be a Shrine worker, but now somewhat behind the scenes, not only in Imperial Council committee work but also as a leading active Noble of El Jebel Temple, Denver, Colorado.

Enjoy the Snug Warmth of a Rich All Wool Blanket for Only

\$6.⁹⁸

FOR the first time in our career we are able to offer you a 66" x 80" ALL WOOL, sateen-bound blanket for the unheard of price of \$6.98. And what pleases us most is our ability to make this sensational offer before the cold weather has set in, thus giving you plenty of time to supply your needs for the coming winter.

This Is How We Can Do It

On the banks of a turbulent river in the heart of old New England there is located a 100-year-old blanket mill noted throughout the World for the quality of its products. Since early Spring the spinning looms have been turning out thousands upon thousands of blankets for the trade, but when all orders had been shipped early this Fall it was discovered that several hundred blankets were left over.

Of course, these extra blankets could have been kept until next year, but this particular mill is famous for the freshness and fluffiness of its products and it is against a long established policy to carry stock over from one season to another.

Every
Blanket
Guaranteed

Choose from these
six solid colors:

TAN	BLUE
GREEN	GOLD
ORCHID	ROSE



Send No Money
Just sign and mail the coupon. You can pay the postman when he delivers the blankets.

Our Cash Offer Is Your Gain

As soon as we heard of the situation we made a spot cash offer for the entire lot. Our price was accepted promptly with the result that you can secure one or more of these splendid blankets for \$6.98 each. And get every cent of your money back if you are not satisfied.

Please bear in mind, these blankets are ALL WOOL—pure wool of high quality. They are so firmly woven that you'll be snug and warm even on the coldest nights. Yet they are not heavy; you do not feel their weight because they are so fleecy, light and fluffy. Each blanket is bound in sateen of rich quality, and there are six fascinating solid colors to choose from; Tan, Orchid, Jade Green, Gold, Rose or Blue. Remember, these are SOLID COLORS in accord with the current mode.

You Take No Risk

We definitely promise to give you an ALL WOOL blanket of superior quality for only \$6.98 and if you do not agree that it is the best value ever offered you, we will return every cent of your money without any question whatever. There is only one thing we cannot tell you about these blankets—that is, their trade-name. The contract which permits us to sell these blankets at such a ridiculous price forbids the use of their nationally-known trade-mark.

This Opportunity May Never Occur Again

In its 100-year history this mill has never before over-estimated production. It is quite likely it will not happen again. For this reason we earnestly suggest your ordering a full supply now. An ALL WOOL blanket for only \$6.98 is a bargain you simply cannot afford to miss.

Sign and Mail the Coupon Now—TODAY!

The attached coupon brings the blankets to you. Simply indicate the number you want and mail the coupon today. But—DO IT NOW! All in all we have less than one thousand of these blankets so quick action is necessary. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

THE PLYMOUTH
DISTRIBUTING CO.
Suite 1106
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Plymouth Distributing Company,
Suite 1106, 171 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....of the blankets advertised in the following colors.....
I will pay the postman \$6.98 each on delivery.

Name

Address

City and State

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 42]

With Acting Potentate W. P. Read in attendance, the special committee met at the call of Noble W. M. Coffman, director-general. The super-entertainment program of last year will be duplicated. Noble Andy Kerr of Washington and Jefferson University and Dick Hanley of Northwestern have been asked to pick the Eastern team. Past Potentate Hugh K. McKevitt is chairman of the football committee.

The next day there will be a monster Ceremonial in the Civic Auditorium, the uniformed bodies of Aahmes of Oakland and Ben Ali of Sacramento participating.

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The uniformed bodies, the Divan and Potentate Rowe went by motor busses to Lockport on September 12th to patronize the Niagara County fair. They were met by Mayor Moyer, Noble Roy T. Rignel, president of the Lockport Shrine Club, and their committee. Their parade was starred as the fair's feature of the day. Horse races followed, topped off in the evening by a banquet.

KALURAH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Temple's Country Club was the scene of the annual picnic and clambake, which followed a varied sports program, on September 15th. The Band played under the direction of Noble Francis Larkin.

KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

On August 30th Karemites and their families went to Kam Ko Lake for an outdoor picnic. The "long appetite committee" provided a sumptuous barbecue.

KAZIM, ROANOKE, VA.

About 150 members went to Appalachia on Labor Day for the Ceremonial. Accompanying Potentate Saul in the special Pullman cars were the Patrol, Chanters, Band, Oriental Band, degree team, Divan and past potentates. A large class was initiated and 900 sat down to the traditional banquet. There were Shriners present from many parts of Virginia and Bluefield, West Virginia and Knoxville, Tennessee.

KERBELA, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Members and their families gathered at Whittle's on August 28th for an old-time picnic and basket supper, with sports and games and dancing. Potentate T. E. Doss named Noble R. Rex Wallace general chairman of the day. The ladies night events in the evening, including a grand march, were in charge of Nobles Robin Thompson, Frank M. Brown and Hugh Baker.

KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.

More than 150 members went to Asheville, N. C. for the Oasis Temple Ceremonial on September 13-14. This included the



(Noble W. C. Dickey, Isis Temple, Salina, Kans., prominent S. R., who became Gr. Master of Odd Fellows in Kansas in October.)

Divan, Drum Corps, Patrol and many ladies. They were gone three days and reported a wonderful time.

KORA, LEWISTON, MAINE

The authorities of the Maine State Fair declared September 5th to be Shrine day. And so several hundred Nobles wearing fezzes appeared and paraded. Most business houses in Lewiston and Auburn closed in honor of the event. Even the racing program was switched from Tuesday to Wednesday to please the Nobility.

LU LU, PHILADELPHIA

More than 1,000 members went to Ocean City on September 8th, to be guests of the city. In return, the musical bodies of the Temple gave public concerts and the Patrol drilled.

Potentate William J. Highfield was the honored guest of the Lancaster Shrine Club on September 13th. Lu Lu's famous Band went along. Noble Guy Raymond Smeltz is president and Noble Paxton Walter Wolfe is secretary of the club.

MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Fruits of the Temple's frequent pilgrimages to other towns were seen in the initiation of a good sized class on September 3rd in Stamford, Texas. Four hundred members accompanied the uniformed bodies to Stamford.

MIDIAN, WICHITA, KANS.

The annual picnic on September 7th brought forth a great outdoor Ceremonial, followed by an equally notable circus, both taking place in Heller's Grove, and witnessed by scores of visiting Nobles from Kansas and Missouri points, who joined several hundred Midians in the festivities.

MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.

Nobles of Peoria, Pontiac and Bloomington staged a get-together at Chautauqua Park on August 30th, in the form of a big outdoor picnic. On September 2nd the Temple Band participated prominently in home-coming week of Streator, Illinois, through arrangements made by the Streator Shrine Club.

MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A vaudeville program in conjunction with the monthly business meeting on September 19th started off the post-Summer calendar of events. New stunts are in the making for the first Winter Ceremonial, scheduled for December 1st.

MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Moslah played host to Master Masons and their ladies at an informal overall and apron dance, in the Mosque, on September 14th.

NEMESIS, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Nemesis Park was opened on September 19th, which was also open for the families of members. In addition to music by the Band, the program included fun for the children and a baseball game.

NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

There was a peppy meeting for Nobles only on September 12th. Noble Dignan, chairman of the entertainment committee, put on a laughful show and furnished the smokes. A dance and bridge party took place at the Country Club on Sept. 22nd.

Olympic Peninsula Shrine Club night will be November 14th. There will be a Ceremonial on December 8th.

(C. H. Bolinger, Recorder of Sabara Temple, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.)



OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Fully 10,000 Shriners and friends and relatives sojourned on September 13th and 14th in Asheville, where the Nobility had been preparing for a month for their coming. They were rewarded by an attendance, including members of the Order from ten or twelve States, and hundreds of ladies, for whom a special program had been arranged. Among the national figures of Shrinedom present was Noble John N. Sebbell, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, who arrived with a large delegation representing Khedive Temple, of Norfolk, Virginia.

The invaders literally took the city. There was an ocean of scarlet fezzes, music by four bands and brilliant Patrol uniforms which captivated the citizens. Potentate R. E. Simpson and his hard working assistants were rewarded for their labors by hundreds of compliments for their effective work. Noble George A. Digges, Jr., was chairman.

Kerbela, Hejaz and Khedive Temples sent about 5000 of their members and their uniformed bodies to participate, all of which was deeply appreciated by Oasis. The Asheville Shrine Club was most lavish in its entertainment and banquet features.

OLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

Two hundred Nobles accompanied the Band and Patrol, with their ladies, to Paris, Kentucky, where the Bourbon County Shrine Club gave a reception and dance in their honor, the two bodies also contributing to the program. Noble W. T. Jordan is captain of the Patrol and the bandmaster is Noble Sidney Griffith.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 50]



(Noble George B. Sherry, 33rd Mason, whose 70th birthday was signally honored by Shriners from Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa., headed by Potentate Eisenbrow.)

(Dr. H. E. Sharrer, Past Potentate, Orak, Hammond, Ind., is the originator of the Knot Hole Club which issues free baseball tickets to diligent school boys.)



HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 43]

saw that we were placed side by side. I'm to butter the muffins. 'By for a second, sweet thing,' pressing his arm affectionately.

Braddock began giving his daughter-in-law a fatherly questionnaire as to her ideas and plans.

"Just sold down the river," was Sheila's next whisper as Nancy floundered and answered in meek monosyllables. "Father's going to ride her as he did Badgy... young Tom will let him. Isn't she an idiot? Why doesn't she up and declare herself?"

"She's taken warning by her sister-in-law," Riddick suggested.

Sheila smiled as if he had paid her a compliment. "Don't you want me to be in love with you, Tony?" she murmured, as the party ended and Nancy made a great stir of clearing up.

Riddick wished that he did not notice how Sheila's eyes changed and softened, that he could leave her without remembering anything about her whatsoever. He did leave—but she followed. They went into the old drawing-room.

"Good-by, Sheila," said Riddick, thinking to leave her here.

"Where are you going?" pretending to pick a thread from his coat sleeve.

"To—to see a beautiful woman whom I hope to marry," he answered in desperation.

"Would that break up our affair?" she asked wistfully. "I've had such fun pretending, getting Tom and Nancy all set up and—"

"Badgering me. Men have been driven into matrimony many times but I don't believe many are forced into it because—"

"You used to like me," Sheila's head dropped toward his shoulder. "You used to take my part against the family. Once, you took me to your club for lunch—"

"That was an accident. I ran into you on a school holiday and you said that you were hungry."

"But I miss your coming to dinner. I want you to like me—just as you used to do," there was no doubt that there were tears in Sheila's eyes.

"Of course you do," said Riddick tenderly. "You miss the old situation—Badgy and Tom and yourself allied against your splendid, impossible father. You're grieving, darling, only you don't know it."

Sheila's head rested submissively on his shoulders. They were in the coat room now, with Sheila holding the door fast shut. Someone was trying to open it.

"Is that you, Tom?" she said, unable to resist the opportunity, "I know your step. Tony and I are having a wonderful moment—"

"You impossible brat," Riddick pushed by her and found himself in the hall with a wrinkled topcoat, one rubber and the angry young brother who squared off his shoulders as if to offer a physical challenge but who thought better of it because Nancy came down the hall and kissed him.

Riddick took advantage of this to escape, Sheila vanishing into a side room.

Tom decided to take up Sheila's "case" with Badgy. Even if Badgy had lost her head and was wearing sprigged muslin, she was Sheila's mother. Somehow, Badgy still had the first claim to his confidence.

"Sheila's all wrong in her theory of life—just as I appreciate dad has been," this last was to assure Badgy that her son would not desert her.

"What is Sheila's theory?" Badgy asked. She had been packing, preparatory to moving to the little apartment.

"That she can break life open and find out what it is made of—then glue it together and pretend innocence as to the contents. Sheila hasn't a shred of conscience—"

"She is running [Continued on page 48]

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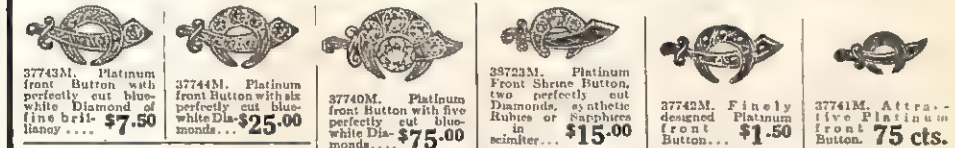
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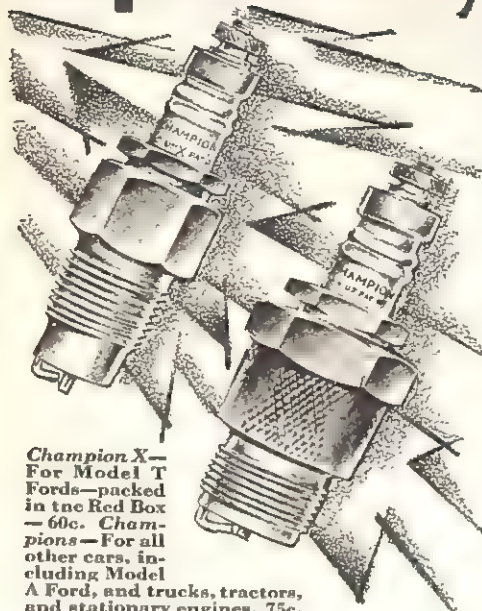
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TOLEDO, O.

HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 47]

after Tony Riddick until it's going to be town talk. When father hears it—there'll be fireworks. She meets him at unearthly hours and she practically has lived at Tony's apartment. Nancy mustn't know Sheila if she's going along on these lines—

"Really?" said Badgy quietly, beginning to pack again. "Perhaps you don't want Nancy to know me," looking up with a troubled smile.

"I want Nancy and you to be the best friends in the world. You two are alike," he added, although he was conscious that Badgy was packing to leave her husband's house. "I know the dad has been a tough taskmaster but somehow I don't like to think about your future with this fellow Drew... Nancy declares for him, however. She's such a darling about hurting anyone's feelings."

After Tom had gone away Badgy left off packing and began to think. So Nancy liked Drew—and he abetted her in keeping Tom from knowing that she was to be the leading ingenue in the new play.

She laid a sweater with a vivid checked pigment into the trunk. It was a sub-freshman sweater that brought out the blueness of her eyes. Drew had made her buy it before he took her to a university game. (Tom was substituting on the team.) Tom had been knocked out, she remembered, and she turned faint. Drew had carried her down through the crowd until they met someone who quieted her fears.

Every garment she packed had its own peculiar memories.

Badgy roused herself from this self-centered phantasy. There were practical details to do and decide. Who would see that Tom's personal schedule remained unmolested, what the menu must be when he entertained his whist club?

She was interrupted by Sheila, who bounded in to say that the Family Skeletons were going to attend the public balls of the Hoisting Engineers and the Private Coachmen and Chauffeurs Association. She'd turn up with the dawn... was Badgy all right until then? Was she to see Drew? Had he told her anything more about Nancy's being a marvelous ingenue?

No, not very much—only Badgy wondered how Nancy could find time for theatricals just now.

"Tom mustn't suspect a thing," supplemented Sheila, "it's to be a complete surprise."

Sheila was trying her hat at new and strategic angles as she talked.

"Why, you're crying," she discovered, looking at her mother's reflection.

"Of course you would cry a little," continuing to adjust the hat, "the 'after twenty-three years fetish' is obsessing you."

"You can't understand—until after twenty-three years," warned Badgy. "Then you may come across a Drew and a pink and white Nancy who makes you feel like an antique imitation—ah, but I am!"

"Nonsense, as if the most subtle time of your life was not before you. Who would want to be raw again if they had finally become hard-boiled?"

"You're a distressing chatter box," her mother closed the trunk lid. "Please go along... Sheila dear, couldn't you have left things as they were? Did you feel it was your solemn duty to—"

"I did," nodding her head emphatically. "You'll thank me for it—when you're past fifty," kissing her mother's cheek and gliding away before any further protests.

She taxied to Riddick's office, trying to compose herself, the newly drawn lease for the apartment in her pocket. It was a thin

excuse to descend upon Tony during office hours.

After which she would tell him, or try to tell him... perhaps he might listen. At all events, she would see him. Her heart pounded absurdly. She was actually thrilling at the thought of seeing Tony. This was no way to become a woman of the world, to feel flushed and like laughing and then crying. The sophisticated black costume did not help at all. She glanced at herself in the narrow cab mirror. She wished there was some way of keeping the enthusiastic color from her cheeks, to have "tell-tale violet shadows under her inscrutable eyes" as all the best adventuresses seemed to have.

Tony might refuse to see her. She began planning her next move. Could she bring Tony to some confession of interest which would cause him to forego his wild woods and come to Paris?

"Tell Mr. Riddick that it is a new client," she informed the office girl, settling into a chair with an air of triumph.

"I'm the new client," she announced breathlessly as Riddick started up in annoyance. "It's a lease—they're important, aren't they— This is for two months—to rent Mrs. Preston's flat. Read it over for me, Tony dear."

Riddick read the half sheet of paper, handed it back and went to the door as if to open it.

"Aren't you going to speak—have you laryngitis?"

"You're a vixen, a firebrand," Riddick pronounced without mercy, smiling at the naive wordiness of her appearance. "The lease being quite proper and you wholly improper—please leave."

"Won't you miss us when we sail?" as if she had not heard.

"The greatest relief of the year. I go to camp a month earlier. I'll chance late blizzards rather than a new client," still smiling at her.

Sheila's eyes were very gray and her voice more breathless than usual. "I don't want you to go to the woods until we have sailed. It'll spoil everything."

"I'm leaving within a week."

"Badgy wants you—"

"Badgy wants Drew and you don't want her to have him. You have tangled things up completely."

"I couldn't let the older generation think they fooled me any longer. Tom felt it, too. At least, we called their hand—"

"I don't blame you for that—but the rest is inexcusable."

"What will become of mother?" Sheila sparred for time.

"If she stays with you—ruin, annihilation."

"I'm afraid Badgy will be hurt. I don't want her to be."

"Why didn't you consider this beforehand?"

"It was so exciting. I somehow couldn't stop." Sheila came over to his desk. Riddick sat down before he realized that Sheila interpreted this as an invitation to linger.

"Badgy worries about Drew, too. Why he doesn't telephone or take her to dinner. I think Drew is absorbed with the new play. He's signed for another two years, too. That doesn't look well for Badgy. She couldn't come back here as Mrs. Benson... she just couldn't. I can't say why—I feel it," Sheila's eyes were purple with distress.

Riddick spied a tear forcing its way underneath the gold eyelash nearest him. He wanted to take Sheila in his arms but common sense made him fold his arms and ask seriously: [Continued on page 53]

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Rough Diagram Suggesting: Left—the long-wave Infra-Red rays; right—short-wave Ultra-Violet.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46])

(SALAAM, JERSEY CITY, N. J.)

Fully 400 Shriners joined 350 Knights of Columbus in observance of "fraternal night" at the State Theater, on September 5th, in honor of Jack Keale, for six years manager of the theater. The speakers were Potentate Robert A. Alberts and William L. Dillon, president of the Columbian Club. A special vaudeville and concert program was put on.

(TANGIER, OMAHA, NEB.)

Tangier hearties and their families laid aside dull care on August 29th and ended the outdoor Summer season with a bang at Krug Park, where everything was free, with the compliments of the Temple treasury.

(WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.)

Beginning a series of entertainments and activities which will culminate with the Autumn Ceremonial on November 27th, Wahabi Band and Chanters gave a public concert on the evening of September 14th, at Smith Park. Noble O. H. Hoke directs the Band and Noble Frank Slater leads the Chanters.

(YAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.)

All the intricacies of casting and rehearsing a musical comedy were revealed to Nobles and their friends at the presentation of "The Showshop" by Yaarab's Oriental Band, on September 11th-12th. Production director was Noble C. H. Armstrong of Pyramid Temple, Bridgeport, Connecticut. The performances were very successful.

(ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.)

Zorah is making well planned preparations for its first Winter Ceremonial, scheduled for December 7th.

ENTERED UNSEEN TEMPLE

Noble Louis Victor Kahn, of Mecca Temple, died in Newark at the age of 75. His widow and a brother survive. His Blue Lodge was Centennial in New York City. He was born in this country of French Jewish parents and educated in Paris.

He owned the Colonial Hotel in Asbury Park and Bartlett Inn in Lakewood. He was the oldest member of the New Jersey Hotel Keepers' Association, which organization gave a dinner in his honor in observance of his 75th birthday.

Noble William Bros, of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, died in Kimball, Minnesota, at the age of 65. He is survived by his widow, five sons, one daughter, one sister and three brothers. He belonged to Cataract Lodge No. 2.

Noble Bros, who lived 48 years in Minneapolis, was president of the William Bros Boiler and Manufacturing Company. His association with the firm began in 1888, when it was Lintges and Connells, and he took it over 13 years later. His three brothers and five sons are also in the business, which maintains two plants in Minneapolis.

SHRINER HELPS RAISE MILLION

Nobles are aware of the long campaign waged against leprosy by General Leonard Wood in his term as Governor General of the Philippine Islands. After his death more than a year ago an organization was formed to carry out his work, called The Leonard Wood Memorial for the Eradication of Leprosy.

Finally, Noble James G. Harbord, once



India Temple is mourning the death of his first Potentate, Dr. Henry Tompkins Smith.

prominent in the Manila Shrine Club, was made president of the association. General Harbord, who was Chief of Staff of the A. E. F., is now president of the Radio Corporation of America.

As the result of the campaign directed by Noble Harbord more than \$1,000,000 has been raised, according to an announcement made in New York on September 10th. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave the \$100,000 which brought the sum up to the million mark.

There are thousands of lepers in the Philippines, where the government maintains the largest colony for them in the world, with 6,000 patients. There is hope of wiping out this ancient scourge, due to the discovery of chaulmoogra oil, and the now scientifically determined fact that it is not hereditary.

One of the most noted Shrine editors is Noble Leonard E. Meyer of the Tripoli Tattler in Milwaukee, nationally known as such. Each issue of The Tattler carries from 100 to 400 names of Tripolitans, with every name right, down to the humblest initial. Constantly he is scanning several hundred newspapers and no Shriner's name escapes him, no matter how cunningly it is concealed in a remote corner and regardless of the fact that he has never personally met the Noble in question. He is president of the Meyer News Service Co., of which the other officers are Nobles Eric E. and John R. Meyers, brothers (Photograph on page 42).

Now that John Henry Mears has made the mistake of beating Noble Edward S. Evans's round-the-world record we may expect at any time to hear of Ed hopping off again to get his laurels back. For the past two years he had held the circumnavigators' palm, having circled the globe from New York to New York in 28 days, 14 hours, 36 minutes, 5 seconds, thanks to the airplane. In fact, his two hobbies are aviation and Masonry. He is Past Master of Palestine Lodge No. 357, Detroit, the largest Blue Lodge in the world, has received both the York and Scottish Rite degrees, and is a leading member of Moslem (Photograph on page 42).

SHRINERS HELP MAKE HISTORY

Florida Shriners helped make Masonic history on September 5th, in Safety Harbor, Florida, when Tampa Bay Lodge No. 352 gave the Master Mason's degree to three brothers with all ten chairs and four additional rôles filled by relatives of the candidates. One officiating officer was their father, another was an uncle, and all the others were cousins of the same name.

It is believed that the record heretofore has been that of a Pennsylvania lodge when the Master, L. A. Isaacs, was assisted by five sons in Raising a sixth son.

In Safety Harbor the brothers were Henry, Lee and Hugh McMullen. Their father, B. L. McMullen, who acted as Junior Steward, imparted to each one of his

[Shrine News Continued on page 51]

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

sons the secret word of a Master Mason. It was an all-Florida Masonic event, with 600 members of the Craft present, including many Shriners. Letters were read from Noble Clarence M. Dunbar, Past Imperial Potentate; Noble John N. Sebrrell, Imperial First Ceremonial Master; Thomas J. Harkins, Sovereign Inspector General of the Scottish Rite for North Carolina; A. C. Pray, Past Grand Master of Minnesota; James A. Ovas, Grand Secretary of Manitoba; Dr. W. A. DeWolf Smith, Grand Secretary of British Columbia; Governor Adam McMullen of Nebraska.

Those officiating were: Stanley McMullen, Worshipful Master; Maurice McMullen, Senior Warden; Alfonso McMullen, Junior Warden; Phillip McMullen, Senior Deacon; Dr. Fred McMullen, Junior Deacon; Chester McMullen, Senior Steward; B. L. McMullen, Junior Steward; Professor E. W. McMullen, Secretary; Dr. Bethel McMullen, Chaplain; Judge M. A. McMullen, Tiler. The other three, whose part in the ceremony will never be forgotten by the candidates, were Alonzo, George and Swinson McMullen, directed by Edwin McMullen.

Among the distinguished persons who witnessed the proceedings from the East were A. W. Connor, District Deputy Grand Master, and other Florida State Masonic officers.

The ladies of the Eastern Star admirably fed the multitude when the Craft turned from labor to refreshment.

AIDS FLORIDA SUFFERERS

An initial allotment of \$5,000 for Florida relief aid was made by the Imperial Potentate in September, immediately the extent of the disaster became known.

The Imperial Potentate then instructed Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, to go to Florida at once to take charge, with permission to draw as much more money as needed. As colleagues he designated Judge E. B. Donnell, Potentate of Mahi, Miami, and Past Potentate Edward J. Burke of Morocco, Jacksonville.

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 36]

as the Shrine does not pass a larger assessment so that the present organizations can be duplicated. I am in hopes that in the near future the Imperial Council will see their way to double the assessment so that this can be accomplished.

"H. N. DENISON."

The ever happy St. Louis patients now have even more cause for rejoicing, due to the philanthropy of a group of Moolah Nobles, who recently gave the hospital there a lot of new playground equipment. It includes swings, slides, see-saws, a merry-go-round, a sand box, etc.

"Such fun," writes Miss Ariel Cargo, the Superintendent. "At first," she adds, "it was feared that there would be at least a few accidents, such as broken leg or arm plasters, due to the wild enthusiasm of the little ones. However, there have been no mishaps and the fun still proceeds unabated."

"When the new buildings now in course of construction are fully completed, it is planned to give a formal opening of the entire playground. Those in charge of the Hospital, as well as the children themselves, feel very grateful to these Shriners who made a sacrifice to give joy to the little ones now in the Hospital, as well as countless others who eventually will enjoy the pleasures of the playground equipment."

Hefinger, the well known comic advertiser [Hospital News Continued on page 52]

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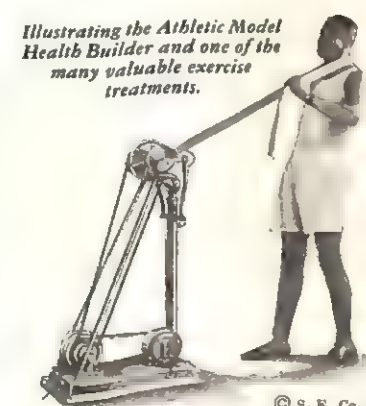
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WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 51]

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ing illustrator, gives several hours a week to the children, and the staff has been surprised over the natural talent for drawing that he has uncovered. Some, he finds, appear to have the goods to become real illustrators. Each child who has shown interest in the work is receiving individual instruction from Mr. Heflinger.

See little Gavin Spear swinging on the bar at his home in far-away Eureka, California. Who would guess that he had no use of his left arm from birth, until taken to the San Francisco Hospital? He was born with a dislocation of one shoulder and his parents thought he would have to be a cripple for life. Three months after becoming a ward of the Nobility he was quite normal.

"Little Gavin is just wonderful, is so full of life and uses his arm almost perfect," recently reported his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spear.

"We are the happiest parents in this city," they add. "We have no worry for him any more, and our thanks to the Shriners for the wonders they are doing for crippled children are beyond our explanation, and we also think so well of all the nurses there who look after the little ones."

Mrs. Gertrude R. Folendorf, R. N., Superintendent of the San Francisco Hospital, reports that Noble John D. McGilvray, Chairman of the Board of Governors, and Dr. Edward C. Bull, Chief Surgeon, often receive warm letters of thanks from grateful parents.

"Little Miss Patience" is seen in the picture strapped to a board. There she lay for several months in the new Shriners Hospital in Greenville, South Carolina. To visitors she has seemed a tragic figure, but really she is a charming little lady who has never learned to complain. She could move only her head and hands, and even the limitations of a wheel chair or crutches were not for her until quite recently (yes, she is gaining steadily).

Another name she has is "Treasure," the pet one of the nurses for her. She has dimples, and often puckers them in merry smiles. She tells bedtime stories and even sings a nursery song or two for a select list of cronies. Her greatest pleasure is playing with her toys and watching the other children romp around. They understand, and more than one fellow patient has enacted the rôle of "showoff" for her benefit and delight.

"Treasure" never fusses about anything, and thanks to the skill and patience of the Greenville staff, helped along by her fortitude, her spine will soon be straight and she will be as big a jumping jack as any healthy urchin that ever lived.

The splendid Shrine Hospital in Montreal does not care for Canadian children only. Scores of little patients from northern New York counties have also been corrected, and generally there are diminutive Yanks in many of the fifty beds.

The city of Plattsburgh, and Clinton County, have contributed their share, due to the activity of Noble Elmer Francis Botsford, Plattsburgh attorney, Past Grand Patron for New York State, Order of the Eastern Star. He is in charge of hospital recruiting for that area, assisted by George E. Anderson, George W. Andress, Dr. Gilbert D. Dare, Dr. Sydney Mitchell, R. J. McCullough (of Chazy, N. Y.) and Charles I. Caswell.

Every Masonic and Eastern Star lodge has been asked to help them in finding and properly enrolling worthy cases in the Clin-

(Born with a dislocated shoulder little Gavin Spear now swings on the bar. He was cured at San Francisco Unit.

("Little Miss Patience" had to lay strapped to a board for months at Greenville Unit. She is getting better.



ton and Essex districts. Answering a request for information, Noble Botsford also adds that the Plattsburgh city nurse, Irene G. Goddeau; the county nurse, Mary N. Rascoe; and the school nurse, Miss Jean Purdy, are all willing to participate in the follow-up work after the children leave the Montreal unit. Miss Agnes F. Looby, mental test expert, has agreed to examine the prospects before sending them forward.

One of Noble Botsford's wards is Louis Tremblay, eight years old, of Plattsburgh, who was born with club feet. He spent six months in Montreal and was completely cured. Raymond Fountain, aged nine, of the same city, crippled from infancy, is another happy Montreal "graduate."

Arabia Temple, Shrine home of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones, has its own hospital system for crippled children in its area. It maintains a clinic at the Baptist Hospital in Houston, which was also equipped by Arabia. Medical men who are of the Nobility give their services free and the hospital discounts all charges by 50 percent.

The Temple's annual charity ball always nets at least \$15,000, and with this sum Arabia feels that it accomplishes more than it could in any other way.

Entertainment is also provided for the little patients. There is the annual Christmas tree party, always the occasion for a very large time indeed. In the Summer at least one big picnic is held, theater parties are frequent, and there are automobile rides every Sunday in the year.

The Shrine Ladies Auxiliary of the Twin Cities Hospital participated prominently in the September display of the Minnesota Association for Crippled Children, at the State Fair in Minneapolis and St. Paul. The Shrine booth was arranged by Mrs. E. G. Quamme, association executive secretary. Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire of Zuhrah Temple broadcast an address which outlined the history of the Shrine hospital movement.

HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 48]

"What can you do about it?"
"We may stay abroad a long time," she admitted with reluctance. "Tom and Nancy won't mind and father will be relieved . . . you will be glad. Of course, I can find plenty of people to play with in Paris, tons of them. I can plan my own campaign."

"Can you?" suddenly, Riddick took her hand in both of his.

Sheila was startled, disarmed. "Why—ee, To—y—"

"Listen half a moment. I've my own ideas. What would you do if someone really got you at half swords?" Tony was close to her, his deeply set hazel eyes watching her intently.

"What do you mean?" wondering if she had made her voice sound indifferent. "Half swords?"

"I told your father the same thing. I said that the younger generation had a knack of getting us at half swords these days. I told him the night that you started all this turmoil; I said that youngsters were tired of being fooled and commanded, the revolt was at hand. You were turning and driving us into a corner, within half a length of a sword and we must either strike back or admit defeat. We must be honest with you. But you are more than honest, you are impossibly curious, a recoil from our discreet deception. I think I do understand, dear. But when you keep prodding a fellow, he may prod back. What then? Suppose I took you at your word, played with you cheaply, ruthlessly as you seem to think I've done 'tons' of times . . . suppose I bruised your dreams and laughed at your tears, made you a disillusioned creature? You impudent baby, you're not even having growing pains as yet. This is merely colic. Be away before I spank or kiss you or both." He took her by the arm with a right about gesture, proving the strength of those thickset shoulders.

At the door Sheila halted, pushing away in undignified manner, displaying a technique of resistance which only a girl with a brother could possess.

"What about Badgy and the dad?" she asked. "What have I done to them besides telling the truth? Nothing! I only meant to straighten things out; I wanted Badgy to find herself and feel permanently young, far younger than an affair with Drew could ever make her feel, have her be friends with the dad even if she was no longer his wife. But she's going ahead with Drew as seriously and as meekly as if he were the dad. It's simpl, repetition and not reconstruction. Then there is Tom's and Nancy's sickish romance and—your—"

"Never mind anyone but yourself. I warn you, keep away. If you bother again, I'm likely to give you a lesson that you won't forget. Do you understand? Get you at half swords. One more bravado attempt and I shall call your bluff," he waited for Sheila to step into the hall.

She faced him defiantly. "I hate you," she announced breathlessly, "but you're so rare to toy with that I may accept your challenge."

Answering the telephone a moment later, Riddick picked up the receiver with one hand and a gardenia which Sheila had obviously placed on his memo pad with the other.

"Hullo, Nancy—now what has happened? What? You don't mean it. Why didn't you tell Tom you were in the darned play? Why should he have the cheek to mind? My dear girl, I refuse to be drawn into anything more. Count me out—absolutely out. I'm leaving town very shortly. I can't believe that you are serious . . . work it out for yourselves. I insist upon it—"

(To be Concluded)



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CAESAR'S THINGS GET RENDERED [Continued from page 30]

Joe was just twenty yards too late. He had only that distance to row when a rush of hoof-beats sounded along the shore and three horsemen dashed on to the ferry. Joe's back was toward them but he turned round in time to see a carbine pointed in his direction as a gruff, authoritative voice said:

"Come on in now, and be quick about it!"

"Look out!" Joe warned them. "It ain't nobody but me!"

He came alongside and clambered aboard the ferry. The horsemen had dismounted and revealed themselves to be a very fierce-looking sergeant of Mounted Police; a corporal only one degree less awful and forbidding, and the constable Fat Schoefield. They gathered about Joe Hatch as if waiting for anything he might have to offer.

"And what, in the name of brimstone, is this ferry doing here?" Fat Schoefield demanded. "Corp, I told this nut to stay on the other side with it! Told him twice, in fact! And he leaves it over here and starts shooting when Fisher comes in sight and—You know the rest! The breed ducks across and has probably pinched a fresh horse by now and gone. Why wouldn't he with such an excuse?" He turned to Joe Hatch and said earnestly, "I ought to knock you clear off this ferry! It might—"

"Lay off!" snapped the corporal. "You can't lose any rank over this! I've got me stripes and pay to think of. If anybody cuffs him, I'll do it! What do you think, Sarge? Not much daylight left, but we might undo a little of this lunk-head's damage, eh?"

"Lemme explain what I figgered—" Joe Hatch protested. "He never—"

"Dry up!" the sergeant ordered. "You're under arrest—accessory after the fact! Knowingly givin' aid 'n' assistance to a fugitive! Interfering with officer, too," he added to the corporal. "Put that in your charges—make it look better for you chaps, if Fisher gets outside. Let's go across now! Get busy, you," he commanded Joe Hatch. "We can see if he got away with another horse, at least. Shove off the scow!"

In calling the government ferry a scow, the sergeant had not slandered it. And while Joe Hatch does as he is told for once and is dumb with anguish and despair, it appears necessary to give a proper introduction to this ferry or scow, since it is materially related to succeeding incidents.

In form it resembled a large rectangular box; a box forty feet long by sixteen wide and six feet deep. Stout but unseasoned planking spiked over a frame. On the overhead cable two iron sheave wheels travel, spaced apart by a stout length of beam, and ropes run from these sheaves through pulleys at either end of the ferry's deck. These ropes join in the center of the craft, being wound round a crude spindle or drum.

Its navigation and motive power are thus seen to be of the simplest order. When set at an angle to the river and poled out to the reach of its current, Big Smoky did the rest. It was flowing past there anyway, and made no objection to sluicing the ferry across to the other side. The thing leaked like a straw hat and there was a trap-door near the center through which to bail out the leakage.

The Law's three hired hands stood on the forward end of the scow and collectively regretted the probable outcome, to them, of this particular mess. They had said nearly everything possible to say about Joe Hatch and had taken some comfort in doing it. Joe stood midway of the deck and let a horrible numbness creep over him.

And while Joe stood there with eyes cast down in shame and misery, the trap-door

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swelled upward slightly, stuck, and lifted suddenly half-open. The guileless face of Athabasca Red appeared at his feet.

"What," asked Joe Hatch fiercely, "are you doin' in there?"

"Why, I climbed down here in the first place to look at the machinery!"

"Machinery?"

"Yeh. I never did look inside of one before and I wanted to see what makes it run. Machinery always interests me! But I can't—Hey now," Red spoke downward into the cavern below deck, "you hang still, or I'll pinch harder!"

Joe Hatch was on his knees peering into the damp blackness. "Who's down there, Red?"

"I dunno! There's something funny going on around here, Joe. Seems like I heard some shooting or something awhile back, but I didn't pay no attention to it, and pretty soon somebody else climbed down in here too. Says I, 's 'at you, Joe?' I thought maybe it was you, see. But it wasn't!" Red concluded.

"Is it that half-breed, Fisher?" Joe's voice was choking with a monstrous hope.

"I don't know any half-breeds," said Red. "Never had any use for 'em! This guy lit a match and tried to point a rifle at me, but I wouldn't let him."

"Lemme see him," Joe begged.

He held the trap-door and Red stepped back out of sight. The face of a haggard, swarthy man rose into the opening, without apparent volition, until Red's hand was exposed, clutched firmly round his neck.

"Is your name Fisher?" Joe asked the face in heavy whispers.

Speech was utterly beyond the poor man's powers, he was literally hanging from Red's fist. But he did manage to blink the lids wearily over his glazed eyeballs in assent. Joe reached eagerly for him but the face was lowered away and Red's appeared in its place.

"Hey, Red!" Joe was all for whispering now. "Red! That's the feller I want!"

"We're good enough friends, ain't we, Joe?"

"Sure! Only, lemme have that guy a minute an' I'll explain later. I—"

"Well, why won't you take up that homestead along next to mine, I was telling you about?"

Decision was born swiftly in young Mr. Hatch.

"Red," he babbled in his eagerness, "if you'll slip me that guy, quick, I'll do anything you say! I'll homestead or drive bulls or—anything!"

A smile of perfect gratitude and devotion illuminated the face of Athabasca Red. A great hand, tufted with coarse blond hair, was shoved out to Joe.

"Shake, Joe! We'll be neighbors!"

"Hurry!" begged Joe as he reached for the half-breed's collar.

There had been the considerable sloshing of Big Smoky against the scow throughout all this and the members of the Police party had been engaged with fraternal wrangling among themselves. The sergeant had been pointing out that his own shirt was clean. The Corp and Fat could play it to suit their pleasure; they could put it strong on the young bloke for aidin' and abettin', just on the chance of easin' their own sheets down a bit.

"Hey!" he bawled over his shoulder. "Straighten her out! Can't you even run the ferry?"

"Dry up!" said Joe Hatch promptly from behind him. And as the three of them wheeled round to gape, he proceeded: "Is this the man you wanted? Well take him!" He heaved the limp half-breed forward into the sergeant's arms.

"By Harry, now!" exclaimed the Law. "What—where'd you have him, eh? You had the blighter at [Continued on page 56]



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CAESAR'S THINGS GET RENDERED [Continued from page 55]

hand all this while and you never told us?" "Yes," said Joe. "An' if you guys didn't have so much lip about you, a man might tell you somethin' once in awhile. Because the gov'ment give you red jumpers an' them choke-bored pants, ain't any sign you got some brains, I guess! Is it?"

It was a very high moment in Joe Hatch's bright young life. To have bawled out and reduced to sputtering incoherence a man of such cast-iron dignity and bearing as a sergeant of Mounted Police was not a privilege granted to the common run of mortals.

"Hm! Well it was a neat enough job I'll have to admit." The sergeant had found his voice. "No good sayin' we aren't pleased either. It's no skin off my nose, understand, but the Corp and Fat, here, ought to feel han'some toward you. Hello, Red!" he remarked as that person joined them. "But how did you manage the trick? That's what interests me!"

"I managed it, that's all. Jus' opened that hole in the deck back here an' run him into it. Had Red waitin' under there to grab him when he dropped in. I'd a told you about it if you'd kept shut a minute!" "By George it was heady of you!" the sergeant exclaimed. "Specially plantin' Red there to nab him. You took a chance though, on Red; he's willin' enough but I shouldn't say he was too quick on his feet, er—mentally, if you know what I mean."

Joe knew what he meant and other things besides. He looked up at Red frowning earnestly over the sense of this conversation. His future neighbor!

"Oh, Red ain't so dern dumb!" Joe declared. "Not half as dumb as some I could name."

But who those others were he failed to say.

MIXERS OLD AND NEW [Continued from page 25]

are illuminating, often uncanny, ninety-nine percent right. Every so often, however, he must go fishing. The office knows him not for several weeks. He takes fishing kit along, and really fishes for fish. But his principal catch is human viewpoints. From the time he starts for Canada or Florida or Colorado, he talks to everybody who comes along, and his policy decisions are right because they are made by a man who knows the real people of this broad land.

I know another chap who might be called the "sociability partner" in a downtown law firm. Law is a profession in which clients value personal attention, though much of its routine can be turned over to subordinates. This attorney is the "clients' man" because, in addition to ability in court practise, he is a whole-souled mixer, immensely interested in people.

One summer night, after dinner at a club, he noticed a member who seemed to know nobody, and was clearly lonesome. Bubbling over with friendliness, he spoke to the stranger, and not only spent a very pleasant evening, but discovered that there was worry along with the loneliness. The lonely member had got tangled up in a stock deal, and it preyed on his mind. The attorney found that he had an excellent case in law, took action, straightened him out, and his firm made a ten thousand dollar fee—for which I am rather sorry.

On another occasion he hailed a stranger on a train, and after some weather chat, said blithely:

"This is certainly *some* railroad! Here we are on one of the fastest trains in the country, presumably. But we'll get into

I've got a good memory

FOR mishaps, I mean. I remember the night I fell down the basement stairs. And then topped that with a very personal encounter with the door of a jam-closet. A flashlight guides every journey below for me now. It's an Eveready. I want the best after *that* night!

And I keep it in tip-top working trim with Eveready Batteries. I've found you can't beat them. Always on the job and sticking to it longer. Ready—Eveready—that's the way I want my flashlight, inside and out. I have the flashlight habit for good now. I've got a good memory.

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STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different from trusses—being mechanical-chemico applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-tonic "PLAPAO" continuously applied to the affected parts, and to minimize painful friction and slipping.

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No straps, buckles or spring attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive.

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Return mail will bring Free Trial "PLAPAO"

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Just the lamp for your Radio Desk, Den, Newel Post, etc. Be one of the delighted Nobles along with hundreds of other satisfied Shriners throughout North America. Made up in the original Shrine colors, Fex shade made up in red, black tassel and gold letters. A distinctive birthday or Christmas gift.

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Chicago all of five hours behind schedule." "Why—yes—" admitted the stranger, shyly.

"Have you been in the dining-car yet?" asked the lawyer. "I don't know what the other dishes are like, but don't order any of the pot roast—it reminded me of Charlie Chaplin's shoe."

The stranger blushed with shyness, or whatever it was, as more wise-cracks were made about the railroad. No wonder! He was president of that railroad. Yet they became good friends, for the lawyer turned the joke on himself with real gusto, and the railroader went into various difficulties involved in furnishing transportation service. Before they reached Chicago, he retained my friend's firm for some legal work.

Mixed and got the order! It puts a niftier point on the stories, yet I am sorry, because it gives a wrong slant on my friend, and sets up the wrong motive for mixing.

My friend doesn't do it for cases. He does it for fun, and after that for contacts and friends. Buck him up against any sudden emergency, and he'll think of somebody outside his own line who can advise or help. And it more often works the other way, because something that he has picked up in the way of information is right in Bill's line, or Jim's, and he calls them up to give the tip.

If you merely want orders, mixing is one of the salesmen's grand old standbys. I've known order hounds who were so sociable to their rivals that they could tell just the morning some other fellow had a big proposition in hand, by his manner, and beat him to it. In every lunch club, trade association and fraternal society you'll find a few fellows who belong for the sake of what may happen through contacts. But not so many. The whole idea is bigger, and I know men who belong to no organizations, yet are the best organized fellows in seven states, simply because they know so many people, in pure friendliness.

One research man never amounted to much until it became vital to go out and tell folks about his results. He was shy, and tongue-tied, and so awkward in talking to an audience that, even today, sitting on the platform, waiting for the "introducer" to get through, he looks like one of Maxfield Parrish's glum gnomes in captivity. But once on his feet, he lights up his dry facts with all sorts of funny illustrations that could only have been gathered by mixing.

Many and many an office worker, by mixing, has transformed himself into a high-caliber salesman. Very often he has advantages, discovered by accident. For instance, a bookkeeper employed by a paper company in its New York branch, volunteered to call on customers who complained of its paper towels. These towels were peculiar. People used them wrong, and kicked, but in three minutes, with his knowledge of things, he could set the customer straight.

Mixing overcomes the inside man's reluctance to talk to people, and he has the advantage, in starting, that people receive him as a technical or trouble man, and exert no sales resistance.

Inside men grow to be regular Robinson Crusoes unless pushed out among people—for lack of mixing, they cut themselves off from new ideas and important tendencies.

It was a general manager entrenched among his own employees who stepped into an assistant's office one afternoon, to find the latter out and his telephone ringing. Answering the 'phone, he was told, "Look out! The Old Man just left his office and is coming your way." The friendly picket added, "Gee! but you do certainly sound like the Old Man today!" Both men had voices strikingly alike. The Old Man thanked the speaker for his tip, and went back to his own office to think [Continued on page 58]

NEW Youth-Giving Belt Reduces Waistline—Quickly

Instantly makes you look inches thinner and years younger and actually massages away fat every second while you wear it!

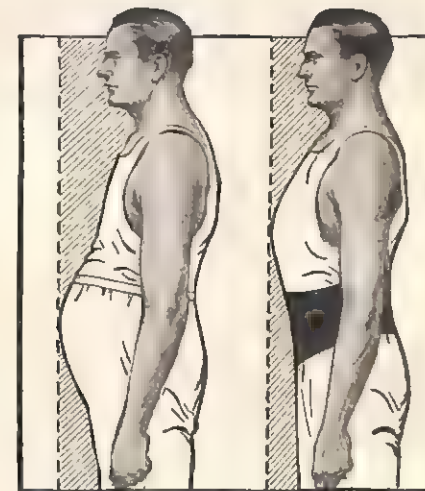
HERE'S a new easy way to get rid of that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat without any effort on your part! A new kind of belt has been perfected which actually takes off fat in an easy gentle way—just like an expert masseur! The moment you put on this new self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced 2 to 4 inches. At the same time your stomach disorders, constipation, backache and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy, and should look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

Reduce the Way Athletes Do

The Weil Reducing Belt is made of specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that, as you wear it, every breath you take and every move you make imparts a constant gentle automatic massage to every inch of the abdomen. It works for you every second, day and night, and reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage.

The Weil Belt is made of the same kind of scientifically treated rubber that is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys, because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. It is highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money instantly refunded without question.

As shown below, every move of your body, walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—equals the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write at once for full description and details of the Special 10-Day Trial Offer being made, to The Weil Company, 12011 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
12011 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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on pages 60 and 64
of this issue.

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A most mysterious watch charm of heavy plated gold. Shows the Square and Compass when revolved. Something different. Packed in an attractive box. Catalogue suggests many other gifts.....
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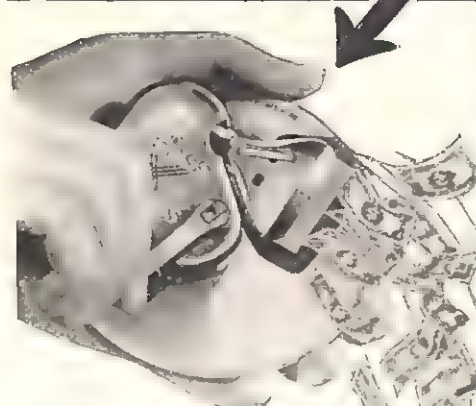
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New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act As Our Local Representatives in Their Home Territories. \$30-\$40-\$50 a Day. Full or Spare Time! No Investment Required. Write for Details On

GENEROUS OFFER

Probably you have heard of KRIS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade keener than new and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRIS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. Hundreds of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from \$200 to \$500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRIS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but never sold in stores, so we must have people to take the orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into real money. Even spare-time workers earn \$15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

AN ASTONISHING INVENTION

KRIS-KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It stropps your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "Lucky" leather gloves do the trick in eleven seconds. Automatic reverse. Stropps heavy at the start—light at the finish and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting For You

So great is the present demand for KRIS-KROSS that agents are training profits almost beyond belief. During the month K. P. Rapt made \$402, K. C. Walker (Idaho) made \$315, very first demonstration. H. King (Massachusetts) made \$16 in one day, and J. C. Kellogg cleared \$200 in 7 days at spare time alone!

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make \$100 to \$225 a week with KRIS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon now!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. S-823,
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Please send me full details of your nationally advertised KRIS-KROSS stropper, which is never sold through stores—and tell me about your unusual offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name

Address

City

State

MIXERS, OLD AND NEW

(Continued from page 57)

things over. Concluding that he had lost the confidence of his employes by cutting himself off from them, he set to work to systematically win it by friendliness.

"What is it you do, anyway, in managing men?" I asked a contractor who has a crack-jack crowd of workers. Contracting is no ribbon counter business, but both the rough-necks and the white collar fellows flock to this boss and stick.

"Oh, I just treat them like potatoes," he said, dryly. "Mix 'em all together in the same bag, and shake 'em up, and the big ones come to the top. You know Tommy, who's running that big city job uptown. Well, Tommy came here right out of college, and he was a regular hermit. People meant nothing in his career—engineering was everything, and people didn't matter if your design and specifications were right. Well, Tommy soon figured out a way to run the first work we gave him without two assistants, who bothered him. Just didn't want 'em around. Good idea, too. I took those fellows off, but made 'em inspectors of Tommy's work, so he wouldn't forget 'em altogether. That loosened him up a lot. After we'd switched him around into about every job we have, from the payroll to meeting the cash customers, Tommy got to be quite human. He's one of our most promising potatoes!"

The old-fashioned mixer?

If you mean John W. Gates and Diamond Jim Brady, they're gone. Such men were eminent producers in their day, but this is another day, and it just isn't being done in that style any more.

But look at the morning paper:

GIGANTIC MERGER! Eighteen biggest manufacturers combine in the pilywinkle industry! Seven-billion-dollar consolidation. Will end all the industry's difficulties, says Wall Street leader. Vast economics will make pilywinkles cheaper than ever to consumer.

Everybody uses the pilywinkle, that household word. Once it was made only in Europe, but an infant industry gained footing here, then came great war prosperity, and after that demoralization through over-production and competition.

I am thinking of the actual man who brought about Pilywinkle Consolidated, and he is the finished mixer of this age. Mother dreamed of him in the ministry, but Father gave him a legal education, and he himself chose Wall Street, made a fortune and broke his health before he was forty, and went away to rest in a section of the country that leads in pilywinkle fabrication. There he soon observed that this industry was threshing itself to pieces in competition and enmity. So he started the two or three years of adventures in mixing that led up to the combine.

This man has an enormous, genuine interest in people, and a great capacity for listening.

Now, it would never occur to this pilywinkle organizer that likes or dislikes entered into the matter at all. His dislikes are not many, nor strong. Interest in the people who figure in the project he has in hand is the big thing, and out of those people he digs the facts that can be found nowhere else, piecing them together in his general scheme. It was by mingling with people in this way that he acquired the tremendous range of information that a successful stock speculator must possess, and his motive doesn't dominate. The people come first—so much so that, if he were set down in some country town, he would soon know everybody in the place, and be ar-

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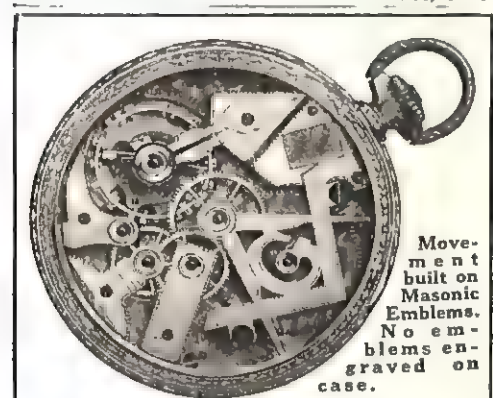
Would you like to keep in good physical condition without heavy exercise? Here is the practical solution to your problem. Without physical exertion—without muscular development, you can still keep legs and arms supple—keep the entire body system toned up in glorious health. The Campbell Electric Exerciser

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Campbell Exercisers are supplied in two models. Floor model, as shown above—mounted on rubber feet—stands securely without permanently attaching to floor. Portable model, as shown to the left—easily and simply attached to window sill or may be placed on any table top and securely held in place. Mounted upon heavy felt pads—does not scratch the window or table. Both models are quiet, safe, and have all moving parts enclosed.

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ranging them around some scheme for financing a new town pump.

This is mixing today, at its best.

Is the mixer born—or can the art be learned?

Both, in the case of Pilywinkle Consolidated. He found himself naturally interested in folks, and cultivated the inclination for practical ends.

Many a skillful mixer is self-made against his inborn disposition to avoid people. When the handicap is overcome, he finds people generally ready to be sociable, friendly, helpful.

An employment specialist tells me that, in advising youngsters starting out in life, he assures them that most of the big fellows who have got there will take time to talk to them, if they are honest and considerate in making the approach—willing, and often pleased.

Times change, ways change in business, but people do not change much, fundamentally, and they are always ready to be human when the mixer knows how to draw them out.

No matter how ingenious or infallible they may be, business won't run alone on its systems. Business is for, by and of human beings. It must have contacts.

Wherefor, it must have the mixer.

For he is the contact man.

KAIBAB (Continued from page 15)

men who coveted him. More than once he had fled with only the swifter remnant of his band, hard-pressed, gaunt and all but exhausted, yet defiant—and free.

Then there came the time when he was harried from water hole to water hole—only to find each one barred to his approach. With sublime faithfulness, Kaibab refused to desert the weaklings whose steps began to falter when the deadly thirst had gripped their throat and sapped their stamina. It had been an unusually dry summer, even for the Prismatic Desert, where the colors were blended like those of some new Oriental rug. Familiar places at escarpments, where the wild horses had often found water, yielded nothing to their frantic pawing in the sand.

Patiently, and with all his senses alert as they had never been before, Kaibab led the way from one fenced-in water hole to another. He knew that this was the greatest drive that had ever been made against him. He had never seen so many mounted men in little clusters at all the points where water was to be had.

Six water holes had been visited and revisited in such fashion by the famishing horses. Among these there seemed to be one that was open. Kaibab could see the shimmer of water through the inviting gate. Ordinarily he would not have approached a water hole where there were such outward evidences of the previous visitation of men, but this was no ordinary time. Several of the horses with him could barely drag themselves along. His own sleek sides were gaunt. His eyes were undimmed, but occasionally a slaver of foam dropped from his mouth.

He could have saved himself. His step was still unflagging. From some hidden resource he had drawn strength which would have sent him far ahead of any chase that could have been organized, but duty to those in his charge came first.

Leading his band of suffering horses across the sage, Kaibab approached the water hole. There was the open gate and within was the water which must be had that day.

Cautiously Kaibab approached the corral. He stood a long time in the bright sunlight, sniffing suspiciously, but the unchanging wind told nothing. [Continued on page 60]

How to Raise Money New Uniforms More Candidates a Good Ceremonial

The Shrine Membership is well over the half million mark. This means that there are literally millions of questions that the individual Shriner would like to have the answer to. Obviously, he can't get the answer to all of them from his local officers and fellow members.

The Crescent is the answer to many of these Shrine questions. It gives the Shriner in Miami the story of the special features that made such a big hit at the Ceremonial in Seattle; it tells the Shriner in El Paso how the band in Bangor raised money for new regalia and instruments; it is a clearing house for Shrine information and Shrine news of every description, dealing with both Temples as a whole and the individual members thereof.

You get this news while it is fresh and timely. A well equipped editorial staff with special facilities gives it to you while it is still sizzling and you know that you're really in touch with Shriners everywhere.

The price of The Crescent is \$1.50 per year and it is not sold on newsstands. As a special offer, those who send in their subscription now will receive the magazine for fifteen months for the price of a year's subscription. It is published by Shriners (every stockholder is a Noble), edited by Shriners, printed by Shriners and is one hundred percent of Shriners, by Shriners and for Shriners.

There is no more true statement than that "you get out of an organization what you put into it." Keep up your interest in the Shrine and it will keep up its interest in you and for you. And you are bound to keep up your interest if you read "The Crescent."

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Enclosed find check for \$1.50 for which send me The Crescent for 15 mos.

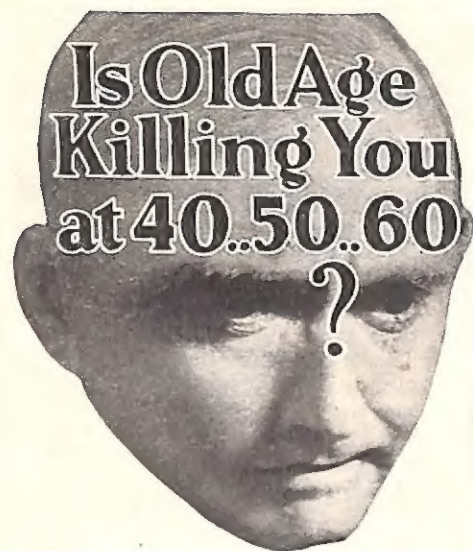
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Is Old Age Killing You at 40..50..60?

Are you aging too soon—getting up 5 to 10 times at night—is vitality ebbing steadily away—are you definitely on the down grade, half-living, blue, depressed—are you subject to chronic constipation, chronic fatigue, backache, foot and leg pains? Then look to the vital prostate gland!

New Facts About the Prostate Gland!

Do you think it is natural for a man to suffer at or beyond a certain middle age? In men past 40, do you know that these symptoms are often the direct result of prostate failure? Are you aware that these symptoms frequently warn of the most critical period of a man's life, and that prostate trouble, unchecked, usually goes from bad to worse—that it frequently leads to months and even years of fruitless treatment and even surgery—that it even threatens life itself?

Free to Men Past 40

No man past 40 should go on blindly blaming old age for these distressing conditions. Know the true meaning of these symptoms. Send for a new, illustrated and intensely interesting booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40," written by a well-known American Scientist, and see if these facts apply to you.

There is little or nothing that medicine can do for the prostate gland. Massage is annoying, expensive and not always effective. Now this Scientist has perfected a totally different kind of treatment that you can use in the privacy of your own home. It employs no drugs, medicine, violet rays, diets or exercises. It stimulates the vital prostate gland in a new natural way, and it is as harmless as brushing your hair. 50,000 men have used it with remarkable results.

Swift Natural Relief

Letters pour in from every state and from many foreign countries. Now physicians and surgeons in every part of the country are using and recommending this non-medical treatment. So directly does this new safe treatment go to the prostate gland that noticeable relief often follows overnight. So remarkable are the results that you can test it under a guarantee that unless you feel 10 years younger in 6 days you pay nothing.

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Send now for this Scientist's free book and learn these new facts about the prostate gland and old age ailments. This book is sent without cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon to W. J. Kirk, President, Electro Thermal Co., 7311 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, address The Electro Thermal Co., 303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 73-1, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada, address The Electro Thermal Co., Desk 73-1, 44 Young St., Toronto, Can.

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Without obligation, kindly send me a free copy of "Why Many Men Are Old at 40."

Name

Address

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KAIBAB [Continued from page 59]

It was a chance, but it had to be taken. Kaibab led the way at a brisk trot. He crossed a dry wash, edged with mesquite, and with light tread, which hardly disturbed the sands, he entered the corral. With uncontrollable neighing, his thirsty followers trooped after. They plunged their muzzles into the shining water, but Kaibab did not drink.

Wheeling, and uttering a warning neigh, he dashed toward the gate, which was swinging shut.

The latch clicked just as Kaibab flung himself against the gate. The white prize of the desert was captured.

Mal, peering with wolf-like gaze through the edging sage, had pulled the gate shut at precisely the right instant. As he scrambled over the edge of the declivity, he was followed by Loney and Tex.

Loney was frankly jubilant. He slapped Tex across the shoulder with his ragged hat and exclaimed:

"Ef it hadn't been for you rigin' up that latch contraption, Tex, we shore would have missed him. We couldn't have had time to run over here and shove the gate shut."

The men went to the corral and tied the gate to the post. This was to make sure that Kaibab would not force Tex's latch, which he had whittled out with much pains at the campfire while the corral was being constructed.

They might have spared themselves the trouble, for Kaibab was making no more efforts to escape. With springy step and with nostrils distended, he circled the corral. The uncut timbers of which the corral had been built were too high to be jumped. Kaibab looked through them at the land of his lost freedom. The desert was palpitating in the sun. The mountain ridge which had been full of shadows was now standing forth, flat and uncompromising against the sky. Intervening heat-waves were giving odd crinkles to the spire-like outcropping of red sandstone, past which Kaibab had brought his charges in the dawn. It was all lost now—all the daily excitements of the wild, free life on the great plateau.

Mal stepped close to the corral and fed his grimly appraising eyes on the stallion's beauty.

"I never seed his beat," was the mustanger's final comment.

Then Mal turned to Tex in almost kindly fashion.

"I reckon we'd a-lost him, all right ef it hadn't been for you, Tex," he admitted. "There'll be another week's pay for you when we git back to the outfit."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tex, plainly confused at the unexpected praise he was receiving. "But now that you got him, which one of you's goin' to keep this Kaibab horse?"

Mal and Loney looked at each other for an instant. Men who have made a great discovery of treasure have exchanged the same sort of glance, full of hidden meanings—of possible dangers.

"Oh, we got that all fixed," said Loney with a laugh which seemed somewhat hollow.

"How?" inquired Tex. "We've went fifty-fifty on the expense," went on Loney, "and all the horses we've caught has been divided equal between us." "But how about Kaibab?" pursued the inquisitive Tex. "You ain't aimin' to both own him, are you?"

"No," said Loney. "Here's the way we've settled it. It's the quickest way—no fuss about it. We jest cut the cards and high man takes Kaibab."

Loney drew forth a pack of cards from his pocket and held it up.

"Gawd!" exclaimed Tex, glancing invol-

Let a \$10 Bill Solve that Christmas Problem

Here is the ideal gift for any Shriner—every issue of The Shrine Magazine—from May, 1926 to December, 1928—durably bound in three ultra-attractive volumes, one for each of the three years of publication.

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Every year these volumes have sold for \$6.00 each. Recently we reduced the price to \$4.00—NOW WE MAKE A FURTHER CONCESSION TO CHRISTMAS BUYERS. For only \$10.00 we will mail the entire set of three volumes, postage prepaid, provided all three are ordered at one time. Ordered singly, the price remains \$4.00 apiece.

But we must have your order by November 20th for on that date we are compelled to advise the manufacturer how many 1928 volumes will be required.

Delivery for Christmas Guaranteed

Every set ordered prior to November 20th will be delivered by December 23rd—in ample time for presentation Christmas morning. We cannot make delivery of the complete sets before December 10th because the 1928 volume cannot be bound until the December issue is published.

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untarily into the corral at the gliding white figure within. "That's a draw for high stakes all right. Why, that horse must be worth—"

"He's worth a-plenty," broke in Loney, "but we've agreed that the high man wins him, and we stick to that, don't we, Mal?"

"Yes," snapped Mal, turning from his work of inspection. "Why all this gab about it? Pull over that wood, Tex, and we'll git this thing done with."

Tex, always the obliging and obedient, carried over a piece of board which had been left from the materials put into the gate, and threw it down between the two men to serve as a card table.

Loney said:

"Who shuffles?"

"You," responded Mal.

Loney shuffled and put the deck down on the board.

"Cut," he said.

Mal signified that he would let the cards stand as Loney had left them.

"You first," said Loney. "High man wins."

Mal reached out his hand when Tex, who was squatting on his haunches close at hand, called out:

"Wait a minute, you hombres, this game's too full of dynamite to be played so careless-like."

"Meanin' what?" growled Mal.

"Jest this," argued Tex. "I've seed too many high-stake one-draw games wind up in trouble. You men are both quick-tempered. You might do somethin' you'll be sorry for. Better lemme hold your guns, to make sure no trouble comes up."

Again Mal and Loney exchanged that glance, in which cupidity had the mastery in spite of all they could do to disguise their feelings. Mal instinctively looked toward the corral, just as Kaibab drifted past like a white wraith. Loney's glance took in the same vision, and his lips tightened.

"It's all right with me," said Loney, as he slipped his revolver from its sheath on his hip and shoved it toward Tex.

Mal slowly drew his heavy forty-five and passed it in the same direction.

"That's the best thing to do," said Tex, as he slid the guns into his belt. "I know that both you fellers are good at throwin' lead. No tellin' which one is the quickest on the draw. This way there can't be any ruction."

"Let's end this thing," exclaimed Mal. "Watch the cut, Loney!"

Stretching forth his hand, Mal turned up the nine of clubs. Loney, with hand shaking, drew the queen of hearts.

"Mine, by God! That Kaibab horse is mine!" exclaimed Loney, as both men leaped to their feet.

Then Loney, with quick understanding, looked into Mal's contorted face. The thin, sneering lips were bloodless and murder gleamed from Mal's eyes. His hand groped at his hip, and then he wheeled toward Tex with an oath.

"Gimme that gun," he snarled. "We fight the thing out."

Moved by a counter instinct of self-defense, Loney reached for his weapon, and realizing that it was gone, turned at the same instant toward Tex.

There was a shock of surprise which held both mustangers in their tracks. Tex was covering them with his own forty-five. Neither Mal nor Loney had seen him draw the weapon. It was as if he had plucked the revolver out of the air.

"Stay right where you are—just as if somebody had planted you there," commanded Tex. "Where you wolves are headed you won't need Kaibab nor any other horse."

Mal had half crouched for a spring, but he remained [Continued on page 62]

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KAIBAB [Continued from page 61]

motionless and amazement killed the oaths on his lips. Surely this man who held the unwavering gun was not the Tex of the mustangers' camp—the Tex who would take any job when called upon and who had seen to every want of Mal and Loney. Those round eyes, once so mild, were blue flames now behind the deadly gun. Even the drawling speech was gone.

"What's all this about, Tex?" Loney managed to say.

"I have a string of horse stealing charges against you as long as a picket rope," said Tex, "but the main thing is that both of you are wanted for the robbery of a few general stores and small banks and the killing of one cashier in Nevada. Stick your hands up and then turn around and stand close together."

Mal and Loney as if hypnotized, did as commanded. They heard the crunch of Tex's boot heels as he came toward them. Then came the faint tinkle of a steel chain.

"Lower your hands just a little more," came the crisp order. "Now put your wrists closer together. That's right. No tricks now. I can blow you both inside out before you can turn around."

There was an involuntary welling of curses from both men as their captor snapped handcuffs to their wrists, binding them together.

"All right," came Tex's voice. "Turn around now and be comfortable."

Mal and Loney faced about, and Tex dropping back a step or two, surveyed the sweating, helpless figures. A few minutes before, these men had been the overlords of the plateau. Now, with shoulders almost touching, they were reduced to futility.

"I know who you are now," said Mal vindictively. "If I'd suspected you before I'd have left you for coyote bait long ago. You're McClintock of the Stockmen's Association."

Loney's jaw dropped at Mal's words. McClintock, stock detective, expert pistol shot, famous roper and bronco buster—this was the mild-mannered "handy-man" they had been having around camp. It was McClintock who had cleared one range after another of cattle rustlers and outlaws. Rumors of his prowess had reached the plateau country, but no one had figured on his appearing, single-handed, among men who would have taken his life at the first hint of his identity.

"Have it McClintock if that suits you, Mal," said the so-called Tex with a laugh. "But you mustangers really owe your lives to me. If I hadn't collected your guns, you'd have tried to beat each other to the draw, all over that horse."

"What are you goin' to do with us?" asked Mal.

"I have some deputies who ought to be here sometime later this afternoon. They'll see to your getting to jail safely. Meantime we've forgotten something important. Loney, as the owner of Kaibab, what are you going to do with him?"

"Oh, he's yours, of course," said Loney. "To think of goin' through all this work just for the benefit of a stock detective!"

The object of Loney's hatred was seemingly untouched by the mustanger's bitter comment. He walked over to the corral and peered once more at Kaibab.

"You wonder-horse," he said, "let's see what you can do."

Mal and Loney forgot the steel that bound them hand to hand as they watched the stock detective climb the corral and throw down the two top bars. This left the corral still higher than a tall man's head. McClintock climbed down and stood at one side.

Kaibab, at the far side of the corral, pirouetted in a short half circle and then

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dashed forward. There was a sharp scurry of hoofs in the sand and gravel. Then the stock detective saw a white form momentarily outlined against the blue of the sky, as with a mighty bound Kaibab cleared the top rail.

Freedom was ahead of him, but Kaibab turned back. He was within lariat-throw of any of the three men, yet he stood still and sent a call to the trembling, terrified band of his followers in the corral.

"Good horse!" exclaimed McClintock. "You won't go without your people."

Cutting the rope and unfastening the latch, McClintock pushed the gate wide open. Hoofs thundered on the instant, and out of the gate, in a swirl of dust, poured an avalanche of gray, chestnut, black and mottled bodies.

The three men watched in silence, born of far different emotions, as the band crossed the dry wash and charged up the broad level of sagebrush on the other side.

In the lead was the white horse, and it seemed as if the desert joyfully took to its bosom the thing of beauty which had so nearly been lost.

THE GUM DROPS OF MR. GAPOULOS [Continued from page 24]

me. I wouldn't be here if I had known you were going to talk to me this way. You've never done it before. You said you were trying to help me. Now you turn against me. Haven't I enough trouble without your making this accusation? Why should I send it to myself?" She began to sob bitterly.

"I'm afraid you understand too well, Miss King." The detective's voice was low, patient. "You know that as surely as your tears now are merely a pretense you sent those letters to the doctor and the poison to yourself knowing that suspicion would instantly fall on Miss Mabley because she was your bitter enemy. You hoped that she would be removed and then you would obtain her position. You're unscrupulous. You wrote the letters on the typewriter of your friend who knew your plans and did everything to help you, and then finding this scheme unsuccessful, decided to go further and send the candy with arsenic you coaxed from the pharmacist."

She checked her sobs. Then with a shrug of her shoulders, she stonily admitted that he spoke the truth. The hunt was ended. But it was a chase in which the victorious hunter was compelled to relinquish his prize. For no statute had been violated; no one had been injured in the passage of the candy through the mails; no law prevented a woman from sending poison to herself.

Fifteen minutes later, when her resignation had been written, the detective strode into the iodine-reeking office of Dr. Farquar.

"Perfectly incredible," the physician asserted after the inspector had told him the details of the story. "I shouldn't have believed Miss King capable of that if all the angels of heaven had accused her. This will certainly teach me not to put faith in appearances. But I don't see how you discovered that it was she."

The inspector took his hat and walked toward the door. "It was just a trifle that told me. But it's the trifle that often means so much to the criminologist. You see she had said to me that she paid forty cents a pound for the gum drops. When I began investigating the candy stores I found that all the stores charged fifty. Except one. That one did charge forty. It was the store where the box of gum drops used with the arsenic had been purchased. So the idea struck me that she had bought it herself. Theory of course, but when I began to work it out practically it happened to prove good theory."

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AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 33]

prophecy comes true he has to fight about it and there are so many people who can lick him it is a sad business.

I would like to start a new Order. Of course the Order most needed is one to prevent Orders. But until then I would like to see an Order of Self-Chip Knockers. The obligation would be simple. Each member would obligate himself to do his own work and knock his own chips off his own shoulders. The sign of the Order would be to raise the right arm to the height of the shoulder, palm down, arm extended. Then bend the elbow till the tips of the fingers touch the left shoulder and again extend the arm to the front as though knocking a chip off the shoulder.

But a Shrine Magazine is no place to write of such things. Every Shriner who has learned the lessons taught in the degrees knows there is a lot of joy in the world. Every Shriner has been taught to look for things to laugh at, rather than fight about. There may be something in the theory that a fez tassel knocks the chips off Shriner's shoulders, but take it from an old bald headed Shriner, nothing makes a man so unhappy as carrying a chip. I am glad six hundred thousand of us have dropped our chips—Oh, well! Maybe you are right! Maybe there are a few Shriners who still have chips on their shoulders. How about taking a look into the mirror of your conscience? Do you see one on your shoulder?

OASIS OF LOS ANGELES [Continued from page 4]

every comfort and at reasonable rates. "Los Angeles," he adds, "is a city that yesterday was not, yet today ranks fifth in population in the entire United States. Hotels and apartment houses are being built with an eye to the future. Nowhere can visitors now be better cared for."

Members of uniformed bodies who attended the convention of 1912 will recall with keen interest the great Spanish barbecue served them on the picturesque ranch of Ed. R. Maier in the Santa Susana mountains. Not only will the barbecue be repeated next June, but it will be augmented in entertainment features. The ranch itself is a scenic gem, where the skies are ever of cerulean blue and the hills and valleys are orchestras of color. Details of the entertainment program here, in addition to the great barbecue, prepared by a Spanish chef and served in Spanish style, will be announced shortly.

Reverting to the part the motion picture folk of Los Angeles will take in the entertainment of the Convention members, it is stated by Noble Edwards that some of the secrets of the making of the "talkies" will be revealed. Filmdom will put its best foot forward to make the time pass merrily for the Shriners.

Festival events of various kinds are being planned that will add variety to the general program. This spirit will be given its fullest reign during the days and nights of next June.

Opportunity will be afforded to visiting Shriners of viewing the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and a visit may be paid to the Yosemite Valley. These trips will be made possible through special arrangements with the railroads. The forests of the Sierras; the giant redwoods, Grand and Sequoia National Parks; and, for those who take the northern route on the trip going or coming, Yellowstone Park has other natural wonders that may be seen. Railroad stop-overs will enable these trips to be made with convenience and at small expense.

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"THE money I save on gasoline more than keeps me in new tires. Figure it out. . . . I was getting 12 miles per gallon on my Nash. With gas at 18c plus 2c tax it cost me \$46 to drive 3,000 miles. Now I'm getting better than 26 miles per gallon. It takes just half the gas and I save \$23 to \$25 every 3,000 miles—more than the price of a new tire."

No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to give you 50% to 100% more miles per gallon or it costs you nothing. As a matter of fact, it is not uncommon for the Stransky Vaporizer to more than double gasoline mileage!

Note These Records

Forty-three miles per gallon on a Chevrolet, reported by F. S. Carroll. Fifty-seven miles on one gallon in a Ford, reported by J. T. Jackson, Michigan. Forty miles per gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Texas, to Tampico, Mexico, reported by T. L. Brown.

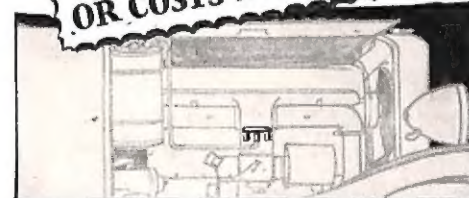
Proved by Three Million Owners

Records like these are reported in every mail for every make and model car. . . . from 72 different countries. . . . the world over. More than three million Stransky Vaporizers have been installed.

Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Anyone can do it.

GUARANTEED To Save You Gas OR COSTS YOU NOTHING



FITS ANY CAR IN FIVE MINUTES

Anyone can install this device in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection to the intake manifold with a wrench. You can do the rest with your fingers!

AGENTS, SALESMEN AND SPARE TIME WORKERS

Men are making wonderful earnings showing the Stransky Vaporizer to car owners in spare time and full time. Sells fast under our guarantee. Foster made \$35 in two weeks. G. F. Fuller earned \$114 in 5 days. Eberlein sold 23 Vaporizers in 35 minutes! J. W. Cronk actually earned \$51 in an hour. You should be able to earn at least \$3 every hour you put in. We offer demonstrators one Vaporizer FREE, under our unusual offer. Get full details. Mail Coupon at once.

43.8 Miles Per Gallon

Mr. M. E. Miller, Kansas City, writes: "You people claim a saving of 25% to 50% of gasoline. I have subjected the Vaporizer to a severe and thorough test. After installing one on a Chevrolet, I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon whereas formerly I had been getting only 19.5. That is not a saving of 25% to 50%, but 124%, so you see that the actual test surpasses your claim."

Less Gasoline—More Power

The Vaporizer supercharges your gasoline after it leaves the carburetor. Completely vaporizes the gasoline. Under this ideal condition you get more complete explosion. Both power, pickup and speed are noticeably increased. Starting is not interfered with as the Vaporizer automatically shuts itself off when the motor is idle.

Make This Test

Test the Stransky Vaporizer on your car—and expect results that will amaze you! Double your mileage—get flashing pickup and power—forget carbon troubles, sluggish motor and fouled spark plugs from over-rich mixture—and save enough on your gasoline to more than keep you in tires. These results are guaranteed or the test costs you nothing.

Mail the coupon below for full details, guarantee and amazing trial offer, which is even more remarkable than we can tell you here. There is no obligation whatever.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.

P-1040 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dakota

J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., P-1040 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dakota

Without obligation send me full details of your free trial offer.

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Address.....

City.....

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ONLY through ACACIA can you secure the advantages which set ACACIA apart from all other insurance organizations. For example, ACACIA is the **ONLY** insurance company which gives its members protection at the low, guaranteed rates of the privately owned stock company and at the same time gives them the dividends or profit-sharing advantages of the old-line mutual company. ACACIA'S net rates are therefore the lowest.

Do not lapse your policy in any other old line company to take one in Acacia. Do not lapse your policy in Acacia to take one in any other old line company. You lose in either case.

HAVING thus lighted this splendid structure, it remains for me to dedicate it to its intended use. I dedicate it first to the high purposes of Acacia. I dedicate it to the service of our ancient and honorable Fraternity, whose cause it will promote. I dedicate it to the uplift and benefit of mankind everywhere. I dedicate it tenderly and sweetly to the protection of the Masonic widow and orphan, recalling the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Excerpt from the address of the Grand Master of Masons of the District of Columbia at Acacia's Dedication Ceremonies, May 16, 1928.

ACACIA'S record is without parallel in all insurance history. During the past twenty-five years, ACACIA'S membership has grown from 1400 to over 115,000. Its insurance in force has leaped from a few thousand dollars to over a **QUARTER BILLION**. Its assets have increased from \$15,000 to over \$25,000,000. Among all insurance organizations, ACACIA really stands alone—alone in the service it renders, in the advantages it offers.

Excerpt from Act of Congress incorporating this Association reads ... "membership in this Association shall be limited to Master Masons ... the Association shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and not for profit."

ACACIA

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

William Montgomery, President

HOME OFFICE: WASHINGTON, D. C.

Founded 1869

S-11-28



Acacia Mutual Life Association
Indiana Avenue at First Street
Washington, D. C.

Without cost or obligation to me,
please send me a copy of "Tem-
ples of Service".

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City.....State.....